No. 214 (New Series). Vol. 5. April 25, 1936

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Half-a-million Holidays by L.G. BRANSON | **Life-Guards of the Cup Final** by Vincent BROME

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JUST the cigarette for a restful smoke. In taste and quality the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large: big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes—and so conveniently packed.

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SPRATT'S FOOD
has my highest praise

20 YEARS OLD
and in perfect condition

writes the owner of this hale old terrier

A gay life AND a long one, is the motto of the Spratt's-fed dog. Only foods which give the *maximum* nourishment with the minimum of digestion could produce such a record as this. Make sure that your dog's feeding is on the right lines, change over to Spratt's for GOOD.

4, Kendrey Gardens,
Kneller Road,
Twickenham,
March 5, 1936.

Dear Sirs,

It has been suggested to me by many people that I bring to your notice my fox-terrier (wire) dog, Nance, whose photo I enclose herewith.

Nance is 20 years old and is in *full possession of all her faculties*; she is still very agile and can race about like a pup. The enclosed photo was taken last September and depicts Nance exactly as she is. I have not heard of any other terrier living to such an age and being in such perfect condition. Unfortunately we have not got her pedigree as, on the death of my father, to whom she belonged, these papers were destroyed, but there is no doubt about her age as we also had the mother of Nance and she (Nance) was born in 1916. I really think she is a record.

The reason I am writing to you is particularly to state that Nance has *always* been fed on *Spratt's Puppy Biscuits*—it is her daily meal and has been so ever since she was able to eat.

I also have another terrier 10 years old and he also eats and enjoys Spratt's Puppy biscuits every day; he is in perfect health. Your food has my highest praise.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) F. DEAN (Mrs.)

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PUPPY BISCUITS

Get the most out of your 1936 Holidays

This will help you

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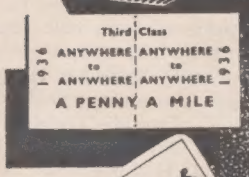

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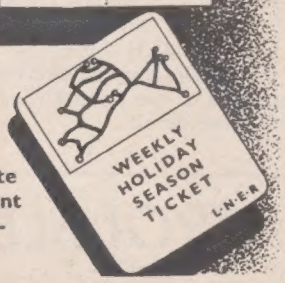

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Now that there are so many new and charming houses, a garden shed must be more than just an "outhouse." While still being low in cost it must harmonise with the surroundings. That is why THORNS Garden Sheds are so popular. Everyone admires their APPEARANCE as well as their STRENGTH. Such attractive and useful buildings are a real asset to the garden.

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ALL DELIVERED FREE or Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

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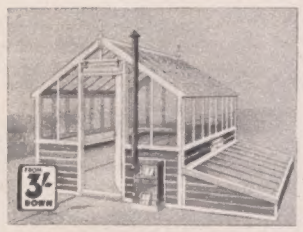

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Many other sizes and designs.

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8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	3 19 0	4/-	7/2
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	4 3 6	4/6	7/7
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	6 7 6	5/-	11/7

Many other sizes and designs.

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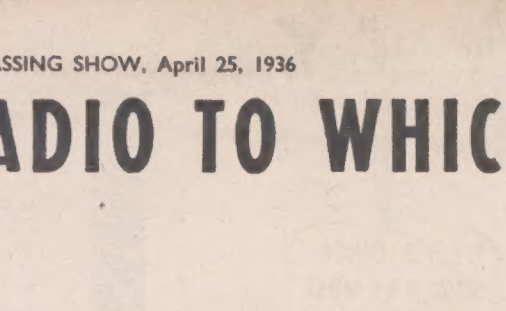
RADIO TO WHICH ALL OTHER RADIO ASPIRES!

the NEW

MARCONIPHONES

These entirely new Marconiphone superheterodyne models give you *all* the essentials of other radio—and so much more. The chassis is a complete departure in radio design, with a supremely effortless performance and an exceptionally wide range of programmes. In addition, the latest development in moving coil speakers provides a quality of tone that is nothing short of 'reality' itself. You cannot realise how good modern radio can be until you have heard these new Marconiphones and experienced the thrills of handling their sensitive controls.



THE NEW SPEAKER

Here is the entirely new design of speaker with elliptical diaphragm. The advantages of this new speaker are noticeable immediately in the wide distribution of sound and the utter reality of reproduction. What an amazing difference from the tone of an old set!

POINT-TO-POINT TUNING

'Point-to-point' tuning is another novel and intriguing feature of these new models, giving you clear-cut programmes with no intervening 'mush.' The lightest possible touch on the sensitive controls takes you from station to station without any of the clatter which was so customary on older sets. The moving arrowheads of light indicate clearly and accurately the programme to which you are listening; on the left you have a visual indication of the precise tuning point, on the right varying coloured lights indicate which waveband is in use.

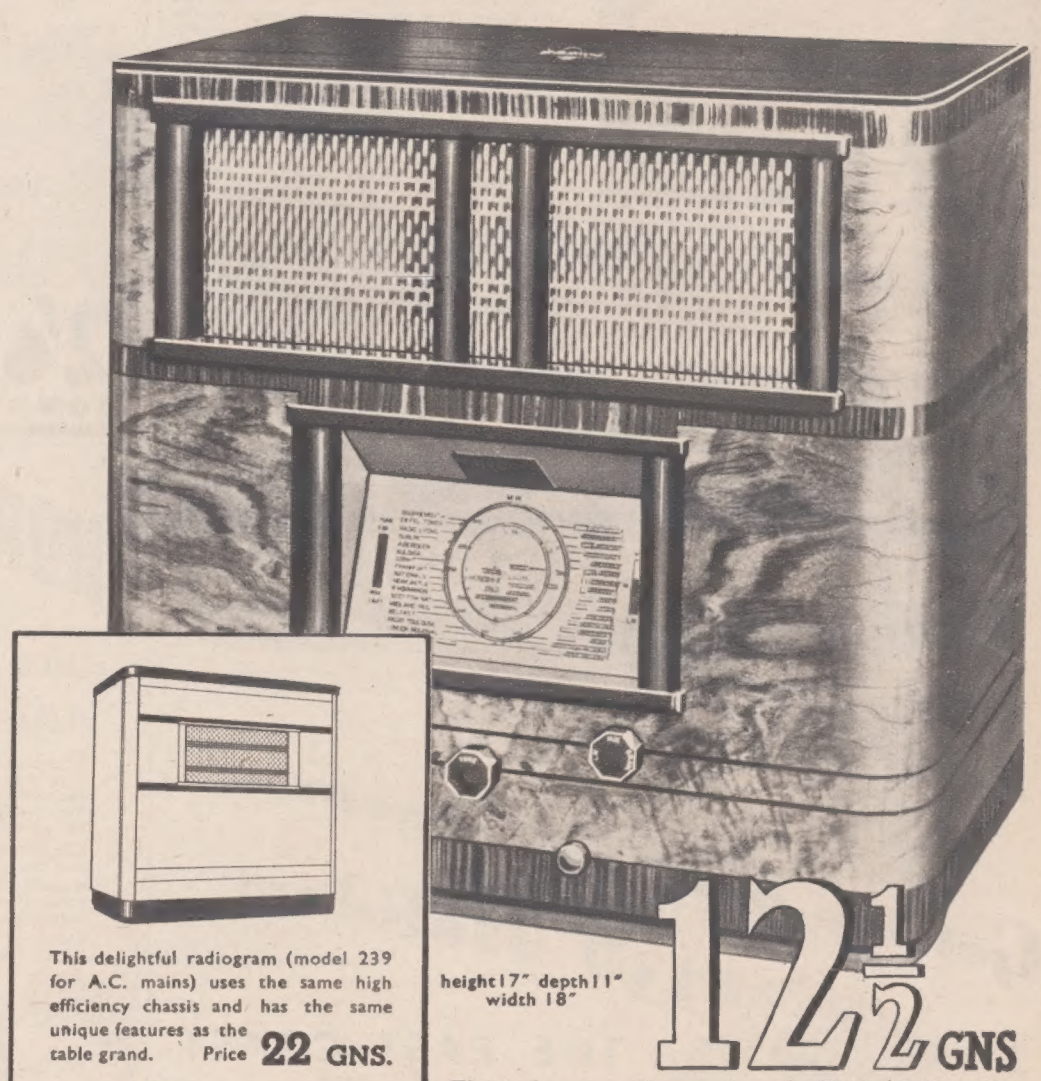
THE NEW CABINETS

These cabinets strike an entirely new note. Figured walnut of the finest quality gives both models an enduring beauty and their essentially modern appearance worthily matches their outstanding performance.

This is the mark of the first and finest of all Radio — a British product throughout.

G. Marconi

Only genuine Marconiphones carry this signature—the symbol of the REAL thing in radio.

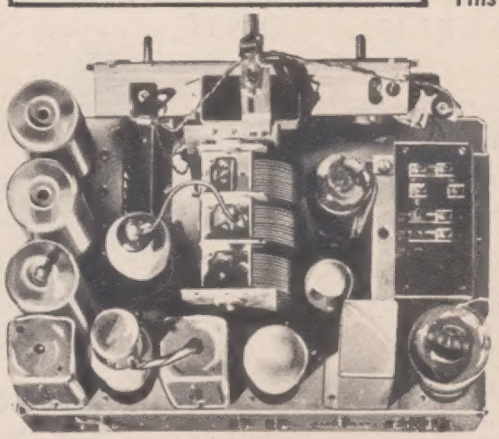


This delightful radiogram (model 239 for A.C. mains) uses the same high efficiency chassis and has the same unique features as the table grand. Price **22 GNS.**

height 17" depth 11" width 18"

12½ GNS

This is the new table-grand, model 219, for A.C. mains.



THE NEW CHASSIS

The real secret of the superiority of these new Marconiphone instruments lies in the ingenious combination of high-efficiency Marconi valves our engineers have devised. The 5-valve superhet circuit employs a Marconi MX40 (met.) Frequency Changer, VMP4G (met.) I.F. Amplifier, D41 (met). Speech and A.V.C. Double Diode, MH4 (met.) L.F. Amplifier, MPT4 (plain) Pentode Output, U12 (plain) H.T. Rectifier. Those who are technically minded will be able to form some idea of the possibilities of such a set from these details.

NO COST — NO TROUBLE

Send this coupon to the Marconiphone Co. Ltd., Radio House, 210 Tottenham Court Road, W.1
I would like to hear one of the new models—please arrange a demonstration without any cost or trouble to me.

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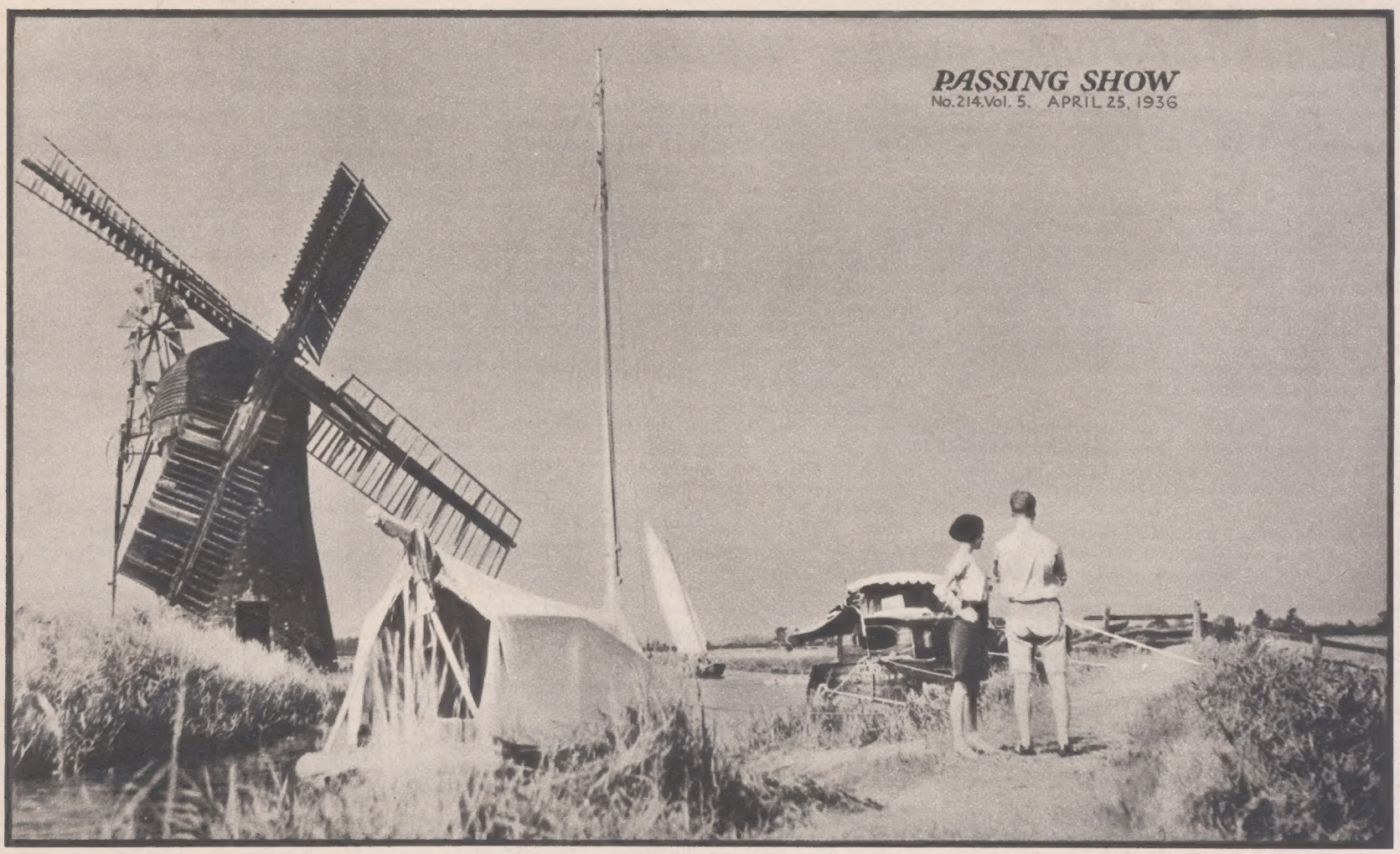
PASSING SHOW
No. 214. Vol. 5. APRIL 25, 1936



Broadland's old pumping mills contrast with the white sails and awnings of the countless pleasure craft bearing townsfolk who have abandoned other forms of holiday.

Half-a-Million Holidays ..

This is the surprising story of a great new British holiday industry which has grown up quietly but quickly in the last fifteen years. How the Broads are bringing health and pleasure to many thousands every year is explained

by L. G. BRANSON

THERE must be something about the Norfolk Broads. Upwards of five hundred thousand people now visit them every year. A pretty astonishing figure, when you consider that not so long since the district was practically unknown. In little more than a quarter of a century, as a matter of fact, a great holiday industry with capital approaching a million sterling has been built up from nothing.

Think for one moment what that means precisely.

At least two thousand workers find employment on the boats, in the boat-yards, garages, stores and with catering firms. £10,000 is spent yearly on intensive publicity. The annual turn-over of this colossal undertaking, however conservatively estimated, cannot be far short of a million pounds.

Contrast Wroxham new and old, for instance. When the regatta is on that lovely Broad becomes alive with craft of all kinds. Gay bunting flutters everywhere. The white-winged racers look neat as new pins with canvas bellying and hulls heeling to the breeze.

But cast your mind's eye back a matter of thirty years and the scene is a very different one. Just a wild, reed-fringed expanse of water, that's all. No regatta. No light-hearted crowds. No swarming pleasure boats. Indeed, precious few boats of any description bar the long, huge-sailed trading wherries.

Or take Potter Heigham, which especially typifies the staggering growth of these remote Norfolk hamlets. Even in 1918 it consisted only of a bridge, a "pub," a couple of cottages and two or three boat-houses. You had to walk the best part of a mile to the nearest shop; a tiny village store-cum-post-office.

To-day there is a mile of holiday bungalows on either bank, a first-class yacht station, petrol pumps, three large stores—and a mammoth "basin" to hold a hundred boats at once has been carved clean out of the marshy meadows.

Mind you, a Broads holiday used to be a real adventure. I remember the old "Sunflower." An ancient, leaky tub she was, too, though no worse than any of her handful of contemporaries. Her equipment—well, the less said about that the better. The stove possessed a wicked habit of suddenly and quite inexplicably refusing to function. Catering, believe me, was a big problem altogether. We were forever sending fatigue parties to hunt up "grub" in the neighbouring villages.

Nowadays stores at each yacht station will get any mortal thing ready in advance. Papers are delivered to you on the boat. So is milk. Even hot rolls sometimes, if you please!

Moreover, you can charter the last word in luxury motor cruisers; well found and "A.1 at Lloyds." They are floating hotels in miniature, all polished woodwork and chromium fittings. Equipped, too, with the most meticulous attention to detail.

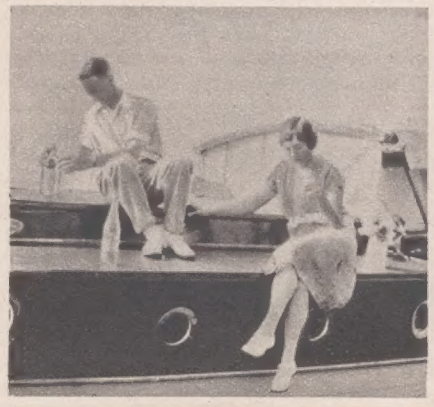
The very latest ones have electric light, hot and cold water laid on to the cabins, a modern bathroom and spring mattresses. In other words, every imaginable refinement that conduces, sir or madam, to your greater comfort. Sideboards, glass racks, and cupboards are "built-in" features of the pleasant sunshine-roofed saloon. And a self-contained galley boasts super-efficient cooking apparatus and all other domestic requirements.

Building these special Broads cruisers is a thriving industry in its own right. The humming yards keep a small army of skilled craftsmen busy throughout the year. Quite apart from the technical experts whose job it is to apply the newest developments in designing and engineering practice.

They tell me, by the by, that anyone who drives a car will easily manage a motor cruiser up to 30 ft. in length.

Curiously enough, the type of sailing-boat has not changed a great deal. Simpler and easier to sail, of course, and somewhat differently rigged. But still in essentials much the same. Designers soon realised, though, that anything too complicated would not do for many of the enthusiastic amateurs.

(*Continued on page* 6)



Keeping cool on a motor cruiser.

Regattas are organised for amateur yachtsmen.

CONTINUING *Half-a-Million Holidays . .*

So they brought out what is known as the una-rigged boat. One that you and I can handle quite capably without being absolute professors in the science of sailing.

John Loynes, Broadland's G.O.M., has done perhaps as much as anyone for the new order of yachtsmen. He was, actually, amongst the first to introduce small and inexpensive boats to the East Anglian waterways.

I would like you to meet this tough pioneer with the tanned, weatherbeaten face. Aged 93 and still going strong, he spins a mighty good yarn or two, does Old John. As well he may; John Loynes has been brickfield worker, carpenter, rancher, and a whole lot more besides. Not to say something of a poet.

Two other names make news in this business of putting the Broads bang on the tourist map. Blake of "Blake's Ltd." is one; you might call him, indeed, Broads Developer No. 1.

In 1906 he was a twenty-five-year-old assistant in a Chartered Accountant's office. That summer a party of friends decided to explore the Broads.

Only the sketchiest information was obtainable beforehand and most of the boats offered them eventually turned out to be rowing-boats! Annoying, perhaps, but it made the young clerk think.

"Right from the start," Mr. Blake told me, "I was impressed by the possibilities of the district as a holiday resort. There was an almighty need of management and organisation, though. That's been my job ever since."

Well, that was how it all began; put neatly in a nutshell. The first chapter of a saga of inspired enterprise that turned a waste of flat, marshy land into a sort of vast National Playground.

"Blake's," meanwhile, has gained fame as a central clearing-house for everything to do with the Broads. It has grown from one small third-floor office into a complex concern occupying the whole of a large modern building.

Don't run away with the impression, though, that it happened easily—just like that. It didn't. For seven years, in fact, they had a desperate uphill struggle. But the same punch and personality which embarked on the scheme, plus sheer persistence, saw it through.

People at last commenced to talk about the new and exciting holiday. The public, in a word, was becoming Broads-conscious in a big way. Now you find an expert staff always working at full pressure.

They gave me some interesting figures. The first 500-copy issue of their handbook—in 1907—contained forty pages and mentioned only about 30 boats. Bookings went quite comfortably into a minute pocket diary. The 1936 edition has over 300 pages, a circulation of 100,000 and offers one the pick of 650 cruising craft. Mr. Blake (believe it or not!) will tell you off-hand the most precise details about any of them; all the facts are carefully pigeon-holed away in that card-index brain of his.

Incidentally, it was Mrs. Blake who kept things going throughout the War period. She is still there controlling the huge volume of correspondence that comes from all over the world.

"Between you and me," grinned Mr. Blake, "people say that she knows more about the business than I do!"

Switch the spotlight on to Arnold Roy of Wroxham. Owner of the biggest village shop anywhere; the Selfridge of the Broads. That immense organisation of his turns over £250,000 every twelvemonth and employs half Wroxham. He started at the age of fourteen by hawking oranges round with a donkey-cart!

Son of a village carpenter, young Roy had to be content with a National school education. It cost exactly twopence a week. His first real job was running errands and sweeping the floors for a Norwich drapery firm. Salary, £15 per annum. Then he came to London as a warehouse boy and was paid a shilling a day.

The Metropolis proved to be paved with anything but gold, but one day this youngster (scarcely a penny in his pocket, remember) chanced to find himself outside a famous Oxford Street store. It fascinated him.

"I'm going to have a place like that," he declared, and commenced to save up for it on the spot. Every spare copper—often earned by holding horses' heads and opening cab doors—was carefully put by. Two years or so later, when he was eighteen, Arnold Roy returned to Norfolk and opened a small general shop in Coltishall.

Determined to practise entirely new methods, he took the shop to his customers. First by means of the old donkey cart; later with a smart horse and van. From five o'clock each morning until late at night he was on the road. That's how fortunes are made.

Wroxham then was just a pretty riverside village. Roy saw it as the busy yachting and holiday centre of the future; the gateway to the Broads. So he opened up there as well. In what was frankly little more than a lean-to shack dignified by the title of shop.

That shack has become a superb departmental store where you can buy anything from a suit of clothes to a suite of furniture. The model bakery is one of the finest in the country. There are grocery and provision departments, fish stores, a chemist's shop. Drapers, too, and milliners and tailors. It is a gigantic retail machine that supplies not only those holiday crowds but practically every household within a radius of 30 miles.

Every year now Roy serves over 200,000 people—12,000 daily with bread alone. Fifty red and gold vans deliver the goods. Saloon cars bring customers from remote spots. His travellers take orders worth more than £3,000 each week.

How much, I wonder, is due to the showman in Mr. Roy—that remarkable flair for effective publicity. See here, three examples of what I mean. When the local authority refused to light Wroxham's streets he did it free of charge. You find his name on every lamp-post. In the early days of broadcasting he spent £150 on public-address equipment so that the whole village could listen-in. Thousands of copies of a specially published news-sheet were circulated during the General Strike.

At fifty-eight, prosperous, respected, a Justice of the Peace, Arnold Roy is still a cheerful human being, completely unspoilt. He laughed when I asked for the secret of his success. "No secret," he said. "Just downright hard work, my lad."

I take off my hat to the modest genius who has conjured this colossus out of a donkey and cart—all in a country village.

Then there is Jim Vincent, whose name makes news in quite a different way. For nearly a quarter of a century he has had charge of the vast bird sanctuary around Hickling, Heigham and Horsey Mere.

This amazing man comes out pat with the most unexpected details concerning the private lives of swans, coots, lapwings, Great Crested Grebes (loons, Jim calls them) and a host of others. He gave me the low-down on perhaps the greatest romance of Broadland bird life; the return of the bittern.

Till 1911, when Miss E. L. Turner and Vincent discovered an unfledged youngster, bitterns had not been known to breed here for more than forty years. They were almost as dead as the Dodo. To-day, owing to rigid protection, you will hear them "booming" all over the Broads and in some other counties as well.

What of Broadland's own story? Originally the whole area was an immense estuary. But the strong North Sea currents gradually silted most of it up and acre by acre those drowned valleys have been won back from the sea; a stupendous task carried on for centuries in the face of almost insuperable odds.

As the work progressed great "walls" were raised along the banks of the chief rivers to protect the reclaimed land. There is in existence at this moment an elaborate system of steam-pumps ready to suck flood-water from hundreds of miles of drainage ditches.

Even so comparatively recently as 1897 the sea broke through the sand-hills at Horsey and poured over the flat countryside. Thousands of rabbits perished (the only casualties, fortunately). After the tide had gone down they pumped nearly 200,000 tons of "briny" off the marshes in about thirty hours.

Peculiar sights were witnessed, too, when the sea was let into Lake Lothing behind Lowestoft as the final step of a harbour improvement scheme. Before long the surface was stiff with all manner of dead fish; brilliantly phosphorescent at night. Multitudes of carp, perch, bream, roach and dace drifted out into open water and were ultimately thrown up on the beach—most of them bitten in two by dogfish.

Oulton—nearly three times the size of Green Park in London—is almost the last stronghold of the real "native" Broadsmen. Magnificent characters, these old-timers, who dwelt the year round in crazy-looking odd-shaped houseboats and earned a living by reed-cutting, shooting, eel-catching and poaching (one expert at the game is said to have pulled in over £50 a week sometimes!) Before modern refrigeration was thought of they collected ice as well and sold it to Yarmouth fishbuyers.

Some queer passenger boats used to ply on the Broads in the old days. Probably the first was a horse-packet which left Norwich at 9.30 a.m. and reached Yarmouth about half-past five in the evening. The paddles were worked by four horses walking round and round inside a circular drum!

This extraordinary contraption was eventually replaced by a steam-driven vessel. But one day the boiler burst and killed several of the passengers. Travel was dangerous in great-grandfather's time.

The picturesque trading wherries, unfortunately, are fast dying out; smashed by the general "speed-up" of transport.

Fees have to be paid for "lifting" or "swinging" most of the bridges—collected by means of a bag on the end of a long pole. And tales are still told of astute wherry-masters who crept through unseen at night when the job was done for some other boat. Actually, the practice became so common that chain booms were placed across the rivers. But it takes more than that to stop a wherry sailing with a fair wind behind!

This decline in wherry-traffic is partly responsible for a problem which has caused much concern. That is to say, the menace of weed. The stuff grows at an alarming rate. Hoveton Great Broad, for instance, was not so long ago completely choked by one variety (*Anachoris alsmastrium* to be precise). It afterwards decayed and poisoned the fish.

On Hickling Broad and Heigham Sounds alone hundreds of pounds have been spent in keeping the channels clear. So black was the outlook at one time within recent years that they issued a public "S O S" for money to form a special fighting fund.

The present position is a good deal more satisfactory than twelve months back. And every day it becomes better. Thanks to the unceasing efforts of the "dydlers"—squads of men armed with weapons resembling gargantuan landing-nets with which they scoop great masses of weed from the water.

Last year Mrs. Grundy popped down to give Broadland the once-over. "Scanty clothing?" she cried. "Dear me, this must be stopped." So a police patrol was allotted the thankless task of deciding whether half-a-million people were wearing enough or not. You can take it from me, though, that the affair was exaggerated out of all proportion. The Chief Constable of Norfolk recently stated, indeed, that there had not been a single conviction.

Exactly *why* are the Broads so astoundingly popular? It is difficult to say. Certainly the general "discovery" of the countryside had nothing to do with it; they "arrived" long before that. Here is an odd fact, too. One might expect them to attract almost exclusively a few specialised types of holidaymaker. Crack sailing enthusiasts, for example, lovers of wild nature, and keen anglers.

But this is not so. They are of all sorts and conditions, these people who "buy the Broads"; a real cross-section of humanity. I can think of no other holiday which retains such a strong hold. Broads "fans" go there again and again. Mr. Blake has clients on his books who have not missed a year since 1908, except during the war period.

More and more families are taking to the Broads for their annual vacation. Rather striking, that. It does not seem a woman's kind of holiday. In point of fact, though, the whole thing is becoming an ever-increasingly popular outdoor family festival. And Mother enjoys herself as much as any of them.

Yes, there *must* be something about the Broads.

Next Week

Long opening instalment of a new romantic thriller

STOWAWAY to MARS

by John Beynon

Beautiful Spy

His oars in hand, Mike sat, gazing as if spellbound. "Ferry, miss?" he said.

Long Complete Story by

George Manning-Sanders

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

DURING the early days of the Great War, the schooner *Maggie* drifted into St. Loy harbour on a placid evening tide. Four men in a boat were straining at their oars to tow the vessel, a boy was at the helm, the skipper and owner, Mike Flannigan, raged up and down the deck. Reddish bristles stood out from his scalp, cheeks and chin; his whole bearing expressed insensate rage. It was said of him that so far he had not been able to remain calm and tender for a sufficient length of time to win the favour of any woman except on a commercial basis.

Mike, as usual, felt fully justified. A few miles off the coast the *Maggie* had been hailed by a naval patrol pinnace and her skipper curtly ordered to take a devious and bewildering course into harbour. This had meant delay and the loss of wind and tide. Mike realised that he would be too late to work upstream that day, to where he intended to take a cargo of china clay. While the schooner was being moored to a buoy off the town quay for the night, he shook his fist at the huddled houses and hurled insults against the navy, the King, and all men and all things English. "The Germans will smack you to bits and I'd like to help 'em with the job," he concluded.

Then he tried to soothe his fretted nerves with neat whisky. But the medicine only served to make him more noisy. He awoke late the next morning on the floor of his cabin, in a silence that was ominous. His crew had deserted.

Squinting with exasperation, Mike bustled ashore to demand the arrest of his men. He was received with only moderate civility. His crew had joined up and, in order to increase their importance, had given an exaggerated and highly coloured account of their captain's traitorous sentiments.

Mike made a vow that he would never again trade at an English port and stalked into a quayside pub confident that he would easily pick up another and better crew. Of the many seafaring men idling there, some refused shyly and some bluntly, and one drunk enough to be fearless, spoke what was in the minds of them all: "We've heard about your ugly ways, cap'n. By rights you should be in prison. No, I'd not serve on your old tub; I'd sooner scuttle her."

Mike broke a glass and began to shout of how he'd been tormented and bullied by naval patrols since the beginning of the war. But no one was sympathetic and many helped to hustle him outside.

He was in his boat quivering with indignation and bleeding a little from abrasions on his face, when a policeman came to stare at him with unfriendly eyes. "You'll get into trouble if you don't keep your mouth shut," said he.

"Not so much trouble as this fool country after the Germans have beaten sense into it," retorted Mike, and urged the boat away so that the policeman's reply was inaudible.

For a week Mike did not give up hope of getting a crew, despite the growing hostility which was shown to him in the narrow, crooked streets of the little town. Then recognising defeat and realising that the harbour dues were increasing steadily, he had the *Maggie* towed up the river and anchored her in a muddy creek; and he did not go down to the town again for several days, and then only because his stores were exhausted.

He had braced himself against hostility; he had no defence against the mockery and laughter o longshoremen. It was evident the townspeopl malicious satisfaction that the *Maggie* had become a useless hulk due to her captain's folly. Also the publicans refused to serve him and some shopkeepers declined to supply him with goods.

Feeling alternately low-spirited and revengeful, Mike decided that he would never again set foot in the town. He had rowed only a few vigorous strokes from the quay steps, when, looking back, he saw a solitary woman standing there like a statue, her fine eyes directed to the far side of the river, as if she were wondering how to get across.

She was not young; she was not old; she was typical of well-matured womanhood. She was plump; she was well shaped; her carelessly worn clothes contributed an air of splendid abandon. She was typical of the woman beloved by sailor men all over the world. The sight of her standing there, with all her noble proportions so well seen, had an instantly soothing effect on Mike. He sat oars in hand, gazing as if spellbound, till with a curious half smile her dark eyes were upon him.

Then he, awakening from a flattering dream, said, hoarsely and shyly: "Ferry, miss?'

The woman nodded. The delighted Mike backed the punt so that she was able to step lightly into the stern and sit, with the grace and composure of one well accustomed to ways of the sea.

Half-way across the river yearning for companionship caused him to stop rowing, preparatory to making a verbal overture. Before he could speak, the woman, looking at him fixedly, said: "They are watching with telescopes. Don't stop again till we are on the other side."

The amazed Mike obeyed and could scarcely look at his companion for the unruly riot in his imagination. When the punt grounded the woman said quickly: "You own the schooner *Maggie* lying up the river, without cargo or crew?"

Mike gasped and nodded.

"And you hate the English?"

"My God, I do," said Mike, and was about to relate his grievances when the woman stopped him with a swift gesture.

"This afternoon, soon on four o'clock," said she calmly, "you'll see smoke rising from the copse near your vessel. Come ashore and I'll be waiting for you where the smoke rises. Say no more now, there may be watchers."

As the excited Mike helped his passenger to land, he could not resist a little amorous attention. The woman pushed him aside scornfully.

He had difficulty in not running after the woman to demand an explanation of her peculiar behaviour. He rowed upstream in such a preoccupied zigzagging manner, that sailors on steamers at the jetties made fun, thinking him drunk, which he certainly was, though not due to alcohol.

It was still early in the day when he reached the schooner. The vessel seemed desolate and dirty. He set to work to tidy and clean the cabin, searching for bright flags to drape over the dull furnishings, scrubbing the floor, doing all he could to make the place attractive. For now there was no doubt in his mind that the stranger would come aboard to share his solitude.

She might be a wife running away from a husband; she might be a criminal hiding from justice; so

(*Continued on page* 8)

Continuing

Beautiful Spy

peculiar was her behaviour it even occurred to him that she might have escaped from a lunatic asylum. But whoever she was or whatever she had done did not concern Mike. She was the only woman toward whom he had felt an instant affinity.

Time passed slowly. He frequently pulled out the great watch inherited from his father and pressed it to his ear.

Four o'clock, and no sign of smoke from the copse. Quarter past, and still no signal. "If she's made a fool of me, it will be the worse for her," thought Mike, his heavy eyebrows contracting in a scowl.

Then rising slowly and thinly from the midst of the copse, there it was, a bluish haze increasing to a spiral that bent like a gigantic finger, beckoning him to one who should never again have need to beckon.

The blood pulsed oppressively in his veins. In his haste to get ashore he broke an oar. He crashed his way up through the copse toward the smoke, breaking through brambles and all obstacles, indifferent to bruises and scratches.

She was sitting quietly on a log close to the little signal fire. He bounded toward her, his eyes shining, his arms extended.

"Wait!" she said, holding up a detaining hand like a policeman controlling motor traffic. "I am going to trust you with my life."

"That suits me all right," said Mike.

"I am a German—a spy, and I want your help."

"I'll do anything at all so that you'll come aboard," said Mike, who had hardly heard the confession.

"We have an under-sea vessel off this coast. I want you to take two hundred barrels of oil on your schooner. I want you to carry a few of these barrels every sixth night and wait there till they are taken from you."

Mike heard then and understood what was being asked of him. "They'd shoot me if they found out," he said in an undertone.

The woman sighed. "It's a pity, too, because we should have got on very well together, you and I on your ship."

"Hold on, my honeysuckle, not so fast," said Mike. "I never said I'd not do what you asked. But I've been a sailor from boyhood up, so I know it's nigh impossible to diddle the naval men that's thick as flies in the harbour. How am I to smuggle that much oil aboard my ship?"

The woman glanced at a piece of paper on which cypher notes were written. "In a few days the oil, disguised as tar, will be brought to the town by rail, awaiting shipment to a firm in Sweden who have gone bankrupt. The agent of the consigning firm will arrange with you to store the tar on your schooner till further instructions."

"But I can't get a crew, so what's the use of me handling a cargo?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "That is why you are so useful. You will be our depot from which the oil will be delivered regularly."

"How can I get—how many was it you said?—five barrels of oil out to sea without rousing suspicion?"

"I shall give you money to buy a big motor-boat. Every night, in all weather, you will go outside the harbour fishing. Sometimes you will carry the oil. You will be well paid and get rich."

"It's not the money I'm doing it for," said Mike, "So long as you'll come aboard and stay there, I'd do your bidding, even if I go to hell for it."

"I'll come fast enough soon as I've reported to headquarters."

"When? Say when."

The woman pondered and took out money and a sealed envelope. "I can't say. Perhaps a week, a month, or even longer. But I shall come and stand on the shore nearest your ship to hail, and you will fetch me?"

"Through fire and blood and torment, my cherry, I will," said Mike.

While he was still talking and before he realised her intention, she pushed the money and the envelope into his hand and leapt nimble-footed from the clearing. He heard her movements rapidly diminish. Then realising that she had indeed gone and did not immediately intend to return, he rushed off in pursuit, calling loudly. But she had vanished as completely as if she had been snatched up into the air.

For the next few days Mike alternated between hope and doubt. He might have believed the affair a dream, but the notes were there and the instructions for his exact position outside the harbour when he carried oil were there. He bought a big motor-boat and fishing gear, greatly to the amusement of the longshoremen. Also the two hundred barrels which were supposed to contain tar were stacked in the *Maggie's* hold.

These manifestations of the woman were a solace to Mike. He would lean over the bulwark staring at the place where she must come to hail him, and often, such was the vigour of his imagination, he saw her take shape before his lovesick eyes.

At times he would rise from haunted sleep to hear her hailing from the shore, only to find, when he scrambled on deck to return the hail, that the copse alone threw back his eager voice in mocking echoes. "I'm going crazed for her. If I'm not careful, I shall be dead by the time she comes," thought Mike, and tried his hardest to deal with the most intricate of all problems for a passionate man—the unsatisfied longing toward an absent one who is the embodiment of his very life.

When the night came for his first delivery of the oil to the submarine, he was elated. If any of the crew could speak English, he would hear something of the woman—question cunningly, find a clue to where she could be found, and seek her if necessary to the ends of the earth. It was hard work single-handed to haul up and hoist out the five barrels. But at last it was done and the motor-boat gliding away through the misty and intensely dark night.

He knew his instructions by heart, took his bearings from a shore light and a distant lighthouse, since no stars were visible, cast anchor, and waited eagerly for those who could speak of what he most of all wanted to hear.

Presently the agreed-upon small signals glowed. He responded with an electric torch. Out of the darkness a voice hailed him in perfect English. He answered, giving the countersign. A canvas collapsible boat drew close, with three men in her. The officer in charge asked Mike to step into the canvas boat and left him at the anchorage, with one sailor as guard, while the other two started up the motor and conveyed the oil to the invisible submarine.

"How far off is she?" asked Mike, by way of leading up in a friendly way to his really important question.

"I am not to answer questions," said the sailor, in guttural English.

Mike bit his nails in vexation, pulled himself together, laughed disarmingly, and spoke boldly. "It's this way, mate. I don't care a damn about your ship: it's the piece I want to hear about."

The sailor did not understand, but was interested. Mike explained.

"Oh, yes," said the sailor, "she is the cleverest spy in Europe. She is in France now. Her husband is commander of our boat. She was an actress; she can take anyone in."

The motor-boat came back. Money was put into Mike's limp hand. The collapsible canvas boat, with the three men in it, was absorbed by the night darkness. Mike sat motionless, staring ahead, seeing the face of the woman that was no longer desirable, hearing her voice that did not now vibrate through his being. He felt ill, weak, as if all the blood had been drained from his veins and water substituted.

But gradually this languor and enervating sense of loss gave place to the beginning of his old temper. He shouted threats into the darkness; he started up

The collapsible canvas boat came up. The man was talking eagerly in German.

the engine and drove his boat madly in circles, as if he expected to encounter the submarine and sink her with his charging prow. Perspiration beaded his face, lights flashed before his eyes, noises surged in his ears. Then suddenly the madness left him and the desire for revenge on those who had fooled him took its place. He would get even with those cowardly swine, who sneaked about underneath the water, taking honest sailors' lives without any risk to themselves. He would go at once to the naval people. The submarine would be captured or sunk, the spy would be shot, and serve them all right.

Then doubts assailed him. The naval commanding officer would suspect him of having more to do with the affair than he had. They would question and question, just as the police had done once, years ago, when he stole some fowls. There would be plenty in the town only too ready to give evidence that he was traitor to his country.

"All right, my buccos, I'll settle the score myself, so I will," he thought, as, thoroughly exhausted, he climbed aboard his ship.

The next morning a patched and faded Union Jack fluttered from the *Maggie's* masthead. When a passing boat, encouraged by this, came near to tell of a German defeat, Mike leaped from the bulwark and cheered till the river echoed again and again.

For two days he paced up and down the deck to sort out the plans of revenge that flooded his mind. His first idea was to throw all the barrels of oil into the river. But if he did that, the hated Germans would know and come to put a mine under the schooner to blow her sky high.

And then in swift inspiration Mike knew clearly what he must do. Dynamite and a fuse in an emptied barrel so timed that it would detonate in the bowels of the submarine and rip her asunder like paper.

He knew that dynamite could not be bought without a licence. He was thinking of making a burglarious entry into one of the town's ironmonger's shops when he remembered having heard occasional rumbling reports from a quarry when the wind blew due south. Promptly he went ashore, made inquiries, and came upon a solitary old quarryman, who told him he had lost two sailor sons by enemy mines. He willingly sold six sticks of dynamite and a quantity of fuse for the ostensible purpose of sinking a well, and gave freely much information on the correct way to get the greatest explosive results.

Then Mike, smiling like a schoolboy about to practise an original prank, obtained a bag of cement and returned to the *Maggie* to drink success to his scheme. The next day he rose early and went to work with enthusiasm. First he carefully removed the head of one of the wooden barrels, with the metal-sealed bung-hole complete, emptied off all the oil and half-filled it with a mixture of cement and sand to form concrete. While the mixture was moist, he made six holes with a mop handle and allowed the mixture to set.

In the evening, when it was hard, he carefully placed the sticks of dynamite in the holes and held them from being jerked out with a piece of canvas fastened across the top with small slits for the fuses to pass through. The six fuses were connected to one which came out from a gimlet hole in the barrel top, where it could be conveniently lighted, and the hole swiftly closed with a carefully prepared wooden plug. When these preparations were complete, there was nothing, either in weight or appearance, except the small, dangling pieces of grey fuse, to show that the huge bomb was not as its innocent fellow barrels that were full of oil.

The next night was gusty, with an intermittent drizzle. Mike's teeth chattered as he was lowering the infernal machine in the bow of the motor-boat, lest a sudden jar might affect the copper caps. He set off early and went slowly, lest the vibrations of the engine caused havoc, took his bearings, and anchored outside the harbour a full hour before the appointed time. He sat staring into the darkness with a matchbox in his hand, ready directly the signals glowed to light the fuse, push it into the barrel, and knock in the bung.

Though he had patiently waited, the lights, when they flashed, took him completely by surprise. He returned the signals hurriedly. His first fumbling strike with a match snapped it in half without igniting. The box had become damp. He struck the next match on the seat of his trousers, held it to the fuse, and drove in the bung with a few heavy blows of the tiller handle. Then it seemed to him that he could hear it sizzling. He covered the barrel with a tarpaulin.

The collapsible canvas boat came up. The men were talking eagerly in German. The officer asked why another light had been shown after the signal flashes. Mike, with the hair rising on his scalp, explained that he had lighted a cigarette. The officer sniffed loudly. Mike, with fear at his heart, said he had remembered that he had been told not to smoke and had instantly thrown the cigarette into the sea. The officer asked what the hammering was they had heard. Mike, after only a slight hesitation, said that the tiller handle had jammed and he had struck it with a spanner. The officer promptly spread his coat over the tiller and, under its shelter, turned a flashlight on it, saw the bruises made by striking in the bung, and grunted his acceptance of the story.

It was evident they had been made suspicious by these small happenings. The work of shipping the oil was done more quickly and in absolute silence. When Mike, to keep up his spirits, spoke to the sailor left with him at anchor in the collapsible boat, the man prodded with a pistol to hint there must be silence.

Mike rejoiced when he raced his boat back to harbour, expecting each minute to feel her lift from the force of an under-sea explosion. At the entrance, since he had heard no sound and it was some time over the limit of the fuses burning, he stopped the engine and crouched listening.

All was still except for the mournful cries of curlews and the hissing break of little waves along the rocky coast.

As dawn spread its sickly light, he gave up his vigil, turning over in his mind all that he had done in the making of the bomb to detect where he had failed. Perhaps there had not been enough air in the barrel to allow the fuses to burn for such a long time. Perhaps the concrete had sweated to damp and extinguish the fuses.

It seemed certain to Mike that his only doubtful safety now lay in instant flight. He must go to the little town at the top of the river, take train for some far inland place, and wait there to see what would happen. He sped back to the schooner, ate heartily, and crammed a few belongings into a kit-bag. The tide, though coming in, was not yet high enough to float a boat up to the end of the river. Impatiently he waited.

A tug with a gallant plume of smoke rising from her funnel was churning up the stream. As she drew near, the captain raised a hand and shouted excitedly something which was unintelligible, except for a few words. In excitement equal to the captain's, Mike raced to the bow to hear the better. The captain reversed his engine and drew nearer.

"A German submarine bust to bits a couple of miles off shore," he shouted exultantly. "We saw a pool of oil on the sea big as a field and picked up bits of gear with German lettering. What do you think of that?"

"Think it will teach her not to come teasing the heart out of a man that never done her any harm," said Mike wildly.

The captain of the tug raised a hand to signify that he quite agreed and ordered full speed ahead. Mike rushed to the flag locker and hoisted every scrap of bunting he could lay hands on. But when he had done this, his eyes strayed to the shore from where the woman had promised to hail him. "There's plenty more the like of her," he said aloud.

But he knew that he lied and went down heavy-footed to lie in a bunk with his face turned to the wall.

Life Guards *of the*

Over four hundred football accidents are dealt with by the members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade during a season.

IN the hushed expectancy of dawn Wembley became alive. The vast arena emerged from stealthy mists; pigmy figures took shape, hurrying to and fro. Soon, crowds of people were massing without. From every corner of the country they came, rich and poor, young and old, to watch this greatest game of Britain's greatest sport. The Cup! . . .

Only stand seats were bookable that year. Other accommodation fell to those first in the queue.

Shortly after the game began there was trouble. A queer wave went through those serried ranks of people; somebody shouted shrill and clear; then a thousand men were surging forward, struggling wildly amongst themselves. The barriers went down before them as they crushed on to the pitch.

Almost immediately, from every corner of that huge ground, men in black and silver uniforms converged on the scene. Over three hundred cases were treated by St. John Ambulance Brigade that day, from mere cuts and faints to broken arms and legs. They worked unceasingly throughout the whole match, seldom giving a thought or glance to the epic game which men had fought to see.

Another Cup Final is to be played this week. Different organisation will avoid a repetition of that scene some ten years ago. But scattered outside the ground you will still see the black and silver uniforms of a hundred St. John Ambulance men and women, assisted by four motor ambulances.

During the course of last football season St. John attended over four hundred cases of injuries to players or spectators. A week rarely goes by without half a dozen football accidents occurring. But for St. John they might mar as many matches.

A short while ago in the North of England, feeling ran very high amongst one section of a football crowd, and some twenty men finally came to blows. In the melée which followed a woman was badly crushed. Almost immediately four St. John Ambulance men rushed across to the spot, forced their way through the crowd with the help of the police, and carried the woman on to the pitch.

Constables then formed a circle around them, but the surging crowd continually broke through. Quite undisturbed the St. John men quietly pursued their work. Even when one of them received a nasty kick on the head, he took no notice. That woman owes her life to St. John.

Similarly, another London man was saved from certain death at a recent football match, by St. John—the two ambulance men saw at a glance that an immediate operation was necessary. The victim—Charles Reid—gave his consent, and with what few instruments they had to hand, amidst all the noise and bustle, they quietly set to work. It was only a minor affair, but to undertake and successfully carry it out in those circumstances was a remarkable feat.

It has been estimated that at least twenty of the hundreds of cases St. John attends each year during football matches, might prove fatal but for their timely attention.

Directly and indirectly something like four thousand pounds is spent every year by St. John for football work. Moreover, the men you see each Saturday at almost every important match throughout the country, are sacrificing their own leisure without receiving a penny in return.

Race meetings of all kinds are also covered by St. John. A short time ago, in the Midlands, an Ambulance man jumped across a river on horseback, dived into the water and rescued a woman who had been badly thrown. Her leg was broken.

Sending two horsemen to fetch a stretcher, he rapidly constructed a crude shelter to keep out the pouring rain, and improvised splints from a tree branch. By the time the stretcher arrived, she was perfectly comfortable and quite ready to be moved.

At almost any public function or sporting event throughout the whole country, at endless theatres and lecture halls, the retiring figures of St. John Ambulance men hover in the background.

Their organisation is known universally, but little is known about them. Behind the splendid work these men perform lie centuries of tradition, age-old vows made in the far distance of the eleventh century.

The Order of St. John goes back to the religious and military life of the knights who formed the first crusade. Through its thousand yesterdays glint the lances of heavily-mailed men, moving in all their panoply to champion the cause of Christianity.

Those who knew the child Gerard born in an obscure French town before the Normans conquered England, did not dream that he was destined to lead one of the finest legions the world has ever known.

When he made his first pilgrimage to Jerusalem the journey was fraught with danger. Mohammedans maltreated the pilgrims in a monstrous fashion.

Seeking some redress from them, Gerard came upon a small group of men who had banded themselves together to tend the sick and injured of all kinds, without distinction for class or creed. They were known as The Poor Brothers of the Hospital, and before very long Gerard had joined their ranks.

With the passing years, the first army of crusaders descended upon the Holy City, and Gerard was taken prisoner.

They did not hold him captive long. Something about his personality, an odd nobility which shone in his eyes, interested the crusading knights. They questioned him concerning his work and afterwards held conference. Then they revealed to the astonished Gerard that several of the knights were surrendering their wealth to the service of the hospital, and would henceforth hold themselves and their weapons at its disposal. Delighted, Gerard discussed the whole scheme with them.

From that chance beginning developed the world-famous Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

To-day, the men in black and silver uniforms we know so well, are direct descendants of those fierce crusaders. They carry on the fine traditions, the unbroken vows which first inspired the medicoes of a crude hospital in Jerusalem, six hundred years ago. In the thirteenth century their ancestors tended the sick and helpless. In the twentieth century the work goes on.

It is an extraordinary thing that this selfless ideal of service and sacrifice should have survived the centuries unchanged, and should still be proof against the stark materialism of modern times.

To-day, the work of St. John Ambulance Brigade is wider and more important than ever before. Throughout the whole Empire the black and silver uniforms are known. In New Zealand, Australia, India, Japan and China, you will find representatives of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Great Britain alone has sixty-five thousand members who give their time and services free of charge. They desire only to keep alive that ideal which has never wavered down the centuries.

Nevertheless, the expenses of St. John are heavy. Over eighty thousand pounds are spent annually. The whole of the work of raising these funds falls to members of the Brigade, and they spare no effort to ensure that current expenses are met.

Apart from their normal occupations and ambulance duties, members spend no small portion of what little leisure is left to them, arranging rallies,

Cup Final

Inconspicuous though always present, they seldom seem interested in the play or players unless they are carrying someone off the field.

by

VINCENT BROME

fêtes and concerts. Every penny of profit from these helps to meet Brigade expenses.

St. John has at its disposal two hundred and ninety-three motor vans scattered throughout the country. They link up with eighteen thousand men who are regularly employed during week-ends and Bank Holidays, as road patrols. In turn, these road patrols centre around huts placed at strategic points throughout the country.

No less than half a million road cases are dealt with by St. John Ambulance men in the course of a year. Almost all the main arterial roads from London to the South Coast come under this system.

At the moment they are also developing another similar scheme. Every important seaside town is to have a St. John Ambulance beach hut. An experimental station established on Brighton beach last summer dealt with over five hundred cases. In a few years' time the Brigade hopes to engirdle our complete coastline with these beach huts.

Although the whole organisation is subject to control from London, each unit works quite independently, finding its own funds and rendering its own accounts.

The heart of the Order of St. John lies in the grey beauty of St. John's Gate, London, a fine old building dating back to 1504. Here doors of wood and iron give upon old courtyards, rich in the pageant of British history. Behind one of them lies the quiet dignity of the Chief Commissioner's office.

A huge map hangs upon the wall at his back, marked with little brown clusters which show the situation of every St. John Ambulance unit in the country.

The total number of cases treated by the whole elaborate organisation in the course of a year sometimes nears the million mark.

Training men and women for St. John is a fairly lengthy process. Following normal first aid instruction, they undergo another course before facing the examiner. A variety of special tests are finally set, and no one who fails to pass can undertake Brigade duties.

Even when they are fully qualified, there still remain the annual drills which every member is expected to attend. These number at least twelve a year.

St. John includes amongst its members over two thousand fully qualified doctors. Not one of these men receives a penny in return for his services. Every atom of work undertaken by the St. John Ambulance Brigade is entirely voluntary.

Its normal members follow normal professions for their livelihood, and whatever duties they may perform for St. John, are undertaken in their leisure hours, without thought of payment. It is rather important to stress that point. There is a popular notion that considerable profit is made by certain individuals from St. John. There is no question of profit in running the Brigade. It merely pays essential expenses.

Much of the organisation of the Ambulance units is linked up with the police. Invariably, when the police receive news of some celebration likely to attract a crowd, they immediately advise which ever branch of the Brigade is concerned, and ask for their assistance. This happened, of course, in the case of the King's funeral. Some four thousand privates and forty-one doctors were placed at different points along the route. Eight thousand cases were treated in London and four hundred in Windsor.

Yet another offshoot of the Brigade's activities is designed to cope with possible casualties in the event of an air raid. London headquarters have arranged to man every first-aid station throughout the metropolis, and every London member has been specially trained for this purpose. They are familiar with the best treatment of people suffering from gas, they understand the proper use of gas masks, have a working knowledge of antidotes, and know what to do with shell-shattered humans.

One thousand instructors from the Provinces have been trained in anti-gas measures at London centres, and are now instructing their units throughout the country.

Not only service lies behind the widespread system of St. John. Here also is heroism.

The work-a-day hero is not a noisy person. We seldom hear much about him. Apart from the more sensational disasters in mine and factory there are endless others which never get more than a few lines in our newspapers because no life is lost. Yet behind these minor accidents lie marvellous tales of unparallelled heroism. . . .

A broken crucible releases a flood of molten metal at a Wigan ironworks. Three men die instantaneously. One is rolling in agony with his hair aflame, and others are running for their lives. Among them Thomas Berry. He catches sight of the man rolling on the ground, hesitates a moment, then seizes some sacking and smothers the burning hair. A sudden terrible scream.

Looking up, Berry sees another man blinded with pain rushing madly towards the deadly crucible. In a second he is after him, has tripped him up and smothered his burning clothes. Ten minutes later he is busily at work with his first-aid outfit.

Incidents like that constantly recur in our everyday life, but few ever hear about them. . . .

In the chill half-light of a February dawn ten men worked steadily in the trench. As the day advanced they dug deeper and deeper. At mid-day the foreman inspected the whole of the working and found everything in order.

Just an hour later the earthen walls collapsed inwards. Nine of the men managed to struggle out, but the tenth was imprisoned in the deepest part. A baulk of timber prevented his being suffocated immediately, but it was obvious that he could not last long. A St. John Ambulance doctor in the neighbourhood was summoned.

Taking in the situation at a glance, he decided to connect an air-pipe to the trapped man. Carefully descending the crumbling side of the pit he worked his way along to the baulk of timber. Two minutes later another fall of earth half smothered him.

Struggling out of it, he calmly straightened the tubing, and began working away at the mound of earth. It was some little while before he was able to connect the air pipe, but it saved the man's life.

Equally sensational is the story of the St. John doctor who was called to a man trapped by an iron girder fifty feet from the ground.

The whole superstructure threatened to collapse at any moment, but the doctor quietly made his preparations in mid-air, and proceeded to amputate the trapped leg. It was an extraordinary sight that soft summer day to see the crowd watching those two figures.

Twice a tremor went through the cracked and jagged remnants of wall and girder, but the doctor worked on with steady assurance. Five minutes later the man was free.

They had hardly reached safety when the broken girders swayed and crashed to the ground.

Apart from our busy towns and factories, the work of St. John can be just as heroic in the quiet seclusion of the village.

When Private Green heard that a man had fallen down a deep well in his neighbourhood, he went immediately to investigate.

There were seventeen feet of water in the well, but with the help of a ladder and flash-lamp he managed to locate the man floating below. Dragging his head and shoulders clear of the water he called for a rope. There was nothing resembling a rope within two miles. During the next fifteen minutes Green remained there in the dank darkness, his hands and arms stiff from cold, an agonising pain spreading down his back, supporting that inert form.

When at last they found a rope he managed to loop it around the man's head and shoulders, and they hauled him to the surface.

Yet another remarkable case of death cheated by the skill of a St. John man, occurred a short while ago in far-off Western Australia.

Nearly two thousand miles from Perth, at Hall's Creek, a man had been seriously injured whilst riding. Doctors were unknown in the district, but it was quite clear that the man must have expert medical attention, immediately.

A wire was sent to Perth and they arranged for a doctor to sail by the first outward boat. Meantime, however, the patient's condition became grave.

At this stage the Perth telegraphists saw that there was only one thing to be done. A doctor sitting in the telegraph office received the symptoms of the case by wire, and carefully wired back instructions for the patient's treatment. A minor operation had instantly to be performed.

The postmaster at Hall's Creek undertook the work with the crude instruments at his disposal. Then a more important operation became necessary.

Again the postmaster successfully carried it out, under telegraphed instructions from Perth. And thus for several days, those four men with two thousand miles between them, sat beside the telegraph instruments exchanging messages until the patient was out of danger.

Work like this goes forward without a break. To-day more so than in the past.

The train of accidents harrying modern progress has increased our need of St. John.

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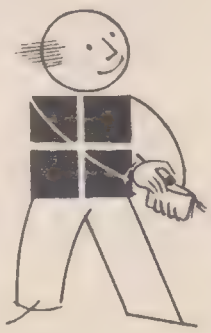
I'm no expert, little man...



but of one thing I'm perfectly sure: FOUR SQUARE is free from artificial flavouring, and it is mellowed and matured in nature's own way. Here is my proof: I can smoke it pipe by pipe, morning, noon and night, yet it never mars the freshness of my mouth with the slightest hint of harshness. And it's packed and priced to suit my pocket, with the freshness and flavour to suit my taste. I, for one, wouldn't smoke any other.

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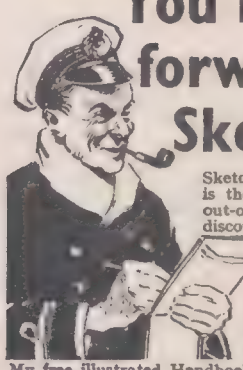

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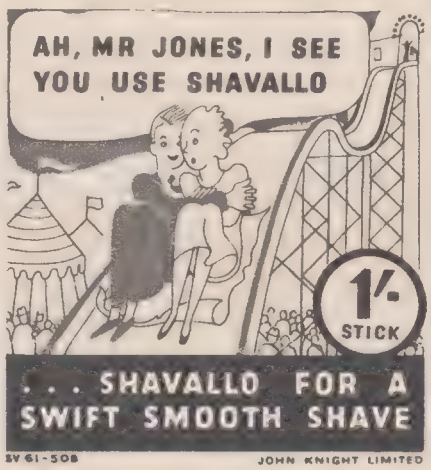

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Short Short Story

by

S. L. Bensusan

That evening a woman ran screaming down the main street.

The Diwan's Ghost Story

THIS is the story that the Diwan told me as we walked through the village where he went to visit the school and say a few words to the boys and girls about Mother India, in whose service he has grown grey. A simple man and utterly devoid of pretensions is the Diwan, though he is the friend of great Statesmen and has been knighted by the Government and, in the State where he was so long Prime Minister, must be received on high occasions in a company including seven elephants. His English is fluent and clear.

"It was in the early years of the century and the plague had broken out. I was then the chief magistrate of the district of Mamakal and my business was to help and to superintend. Those were days when we did not know that bubonic plague is spread by rat fleas, indeed we knew very little more than that it favoured the colder areas, and that folk who took oil baths and ate much oil in their food so that their skins were very greasy seldom caught the plague. It may be that the rat fleas could not bite effectively through the slippery surface.

"Fear was upon the district of Mamakal, fear and death. Many who should have helped had fled. I had lost all personal anxieties long before, being convinced that I had work appointed to me.

"I helped to carry the dead to the burning, I went among the sick and I ordered the sound folk to evacuate a certain hard-hit village and to go to a place two miles off on the borders of the forest where there were field sheds in abundance and some good wells. I authorised a small payment to enable them to buy material to make more shelters and gave permission for certain wood to be cut.

"Then we disinfected the village with a solution of hydrochloric acid and perchloride of mercury which was then the standard disinfectant and in a little while there were no more cases on our hands.

"Plague did not follow the villagers to their sheds and when the last of the dead had been cremated and the disinfection was complete, I gave notice that the homes might be occupied again and left for my own to have a few days rest; the work had been incessant and sleep very brief.

"I was stationed about thirty miles away, no distance in India, but in those days motor cars were unknown in the south, the tracks were rough and five miles an hour was a good pace when you travel by tonga (a horse-drawn vehicle).

"On the third night after the villagers had gone back and I had reached home, a telegram came to me; it read, 'All homes evacuated again, come at once.'

"I returned to find an empty village and a strange story.

"Love casts out fear. One of the plague police and the daughter of a wealthy villager had attracted each other and the marriage had been celebrated on the morning of the villagers' return. Bride and bridegroom had gone to one of the houses of the bride's father.

"The village rises early and when at seven o'clock the door of the bridal pair was closed people wondered. At eight o'clock it was still shut and one or two neighbours knocked.

"There was no answer and an hour later the bride's parents, alarmed, sent for the blacksmith, who broke open the door. The parents went in to find their daughter lying dead on the bed, a horrid gash across her throat, while the bridegroom hung from the rafter at the end of a rope fitted round his neck with a noose.

"From the evidence put before me on arrival it was clearly a case of murder and suicide, the cause a mystery that was never unravelled. You can imagine the shock, but bad as it was, worse remained. That evening a woman ran screaming down the main street; passing the house she declared she had seen the ghosts of the unhappy pair and the shadowy man was cutting the woman's throat.

"The Tahsildar who told me the story said that the excitement was indescribable, none knew what to do next. And on the following night through the deep darkness of the unlit village, six men coming home together saw the ghosts in the same place and the man was still in the act of cutting the woman's throat.

"They roused friends and neighbours, it was agreed at once that the place was in the hands of evil spirits and that it was not safe to stay. Men, women and children to the number of about a thousand left in a body and went back to the sheds near the forest on which presently the season's rains would descend; then the unfortunate people would die like flies.

"The old Tahsildar who had sent the telegram and awaited my coming, had endeavoured in vain to persuade them to come back. He had telegraphed to me not knowing what to do next.

"I knew that a direct order would be disregarded in the state of panic now reigning, so I sat down in the Court House and thought hard.

"Then I dictated the following:

"Order Under Section 144 of the Criminal Procedure Code.

"In the Court of the First Class Sub-Divisional Magistrate of Mamakal.

"To the Ghosts of the late Police Constable Rama Swami No. 9389 and his wife Mariyayi.

"Whereas it has been made to appear to us, the First Class Sub-Divisional Magistrate, that you the aforesaid ghosts, appear in the evenings in front of the house which belonged to the aforesaid Police Constable and his wife in the village of Sankaridrug and that your appearance causes alarm to our loyal and well-disposed inhabitants of the village.

"And whereas speedy remedy is desirable.

"Now, therefore, we hereby call upon you, the aforesaid ghosts, within twenty-four hours from the time of publication of this order, to depart from this village.

"And whereas in the kindness of our heart we do not desire that you should be homeless, we hereby assign to you for residence Survey No. X in the Reserve Forest on the Edapadi road.

"Given under our hand and the seal of this Court this 5th day of October, 1904.

"Copies of this order were made without delay. One was posted on the door of the house of the dead man and woman, one on Court House and Police Station, and then in accordance with the prescribed Indian custom proclamation was made 'by beat of drum.'

"A drummer paraded, first through the main street and then the others, and those who had come from the cattle sheds two miles away into Sankaridrug to follow their daily work with the intention of returning before nightfall were profoundly impressed.

"Now not only were the ghosts forbidden to enter the village, but they were relegated to a definite clearing in the forest; it was their home and no unpleasant one; they would stay there.

"A few, their courage restored, slept in Sankaridrug that night, but soon after sunrise on the following day the rest came fluttering back like so many homing pigeons, more happy than you can tell. They knew quite well that no ghosts dare disobey the ruling of the head magistrate of the District and further that they had no occasion to do so. Everybody knew that it was impossible to see in the village ghosts now in permanent exile seven miles away—so nobody saw them.

"The excitement had driven away memories of the murder; life and death are so much less in the East than in the West. It may be that I worked alone in the hopeless quest of an explanation. A strong, sane, healthy man, an attractive girl who loved him, a position well above the average, life an untrodden garden way."

The Diwan paused awhile. "That is the story," he said simply, "I have never learned more about the tragedy."

"Do many people see ghosts in India?" I inquired, and he nodded.

"Very many. If you begin to talk of ghosts you'll find that Englishman and Indian alike have seen them. I am one of the very few to whom ghosts do not manifest."

"Can you give any explanation?" He smiled.

"My life has been so busy that I've had no time to see them." We entered the school house; the Diwan's turban lent a colour to the drab winter day, the children found a new interest in life.

The CRIME *Bacillus*

Long Complete Story by

W. A. Sweeney

ILLUSTRATED BY SINCLAIR CALOW

THE publication of this story will, perhaps, bring a modicum of peace to the soul of that glamorous newspaperman O'Hara, as the inexorable exigencies of a materialistic Press stayed his hand when he would fain have given it to the world.

I shall tell it as he told me, save for the oaths, for when, wandering through Shropshire, I nearly tripped over him scowling over a whisky outside an inn where he was staying, he was a man full of rancour, gall and bitterness.

"Yes, I'm on a two months' holiday," he explained after some conversation. "It's nearly at an end now—I had 'flu. And the inherited curse of my foul trade must needs pursue me, blight my simple pleasures and make me stumble across the story of the missing rabbit." He swore and drank some more whisky.

"What is the story of the missing rabbit, O'Hara?" I asked gently.

"The story," he cried, "of miracles, wonders and prodigies. A story of marvels too vast for the mind of my news editor, Botts, to whom I wrote—like a fool—and who replied by reminding me that the fearful rag he worships is a 'serious newspaper.' Botts is the sort who would have been shouting louder than anybody else for faggots to burn Galileo," added O'Hara rather obscurely. "He laughs at my story and so, probably, will you, so it's not worth while telling you."

I waited patiently, knowing the O'Hara mood, while he continued to bottle his wrath and indignation and nurse his mystery.

"Did you ever hear of Dr. John Staines?" he demanded, at last.

"No," I said.

O'Hara laughed loudly. "Let's have some more whisky. No. I didn't suppose you had, though aeroplanes should be writing his name in the heavens at this moment. Well, I'll tell you, briefly." He brooded a while and then began.

"On a tranquil spring morning a sensation was caused in the village of Little Hatton here, by the extraordinary behaviour of one Samuel Polkins, aged seventy-three. Picture him. He is an old man with a long white beard, living mostly on charity; bent, patriarcha!, soft-spoken, with a stick and a high, dusty hat which he raises respectfully to visitors with motor cars. Perhaps a little bit given to little tricks to extort tips but generally beloved for his humility, poverty and gentle manners.

"Suddenly, one morning, this ancient rustic stops in the street as the postman comes past, raises himself to his full height, which he hadn't done for years, lifts his stick, smashes the postman across the face and says, 'Take that, you big gob, for your impertinence to me!'

"I happened to be passing. The postman, it seems, was in the habit of pulling the old man's leg on little matters connected with hat-raising for tips, though Polkins had always taken his trifling gibes in good part. The blow was a nasty one and the postman had to be taken to the chemist. When the police came for old Samuel he had barricaded himself in his house and appeared at the window with a gun nobody knew he possessed, threatening to shoot all comers.

"After a tough job and several county constabulary they managed, with a white flag, to get him to come out." O'Hara paused. "End of incident number one," he said.

"Sudden madness?" I suggested.

"Madness my neck," said O'Hara. "It was the rabbit."

"Ah," I said. "I'd forgotten about the rabbit."

"I happen," he went on, "to have the acquaintance of Dr. John Staines and I was on my way to visit him when the Polkins front page sensation broke in the village. He is a man who has spent nearly all his time for years in research and I found him, looking rather worried, before a lot of rabbit hutches. We hadn't met for a long time and after the usual greetings and so on, he said:

"'I've lost a rabbit and I'm very worried about it.' At that moment his handy man appeared, breathless, with the news of the moral collapse of old Polkins and as the doctor listened I noticed an acute interest dawning in his face.

"'Where is Polkins now?' he demanded.

"'In the county gaol,' said the handy man. 'Fancy that of old Samuel.'

"'I must go and see him,' said Staines, after a moment's reflection. 'Care to come?' he asked me and I nodded.

"The county gaol wasn't far and I discovered the doctor was an old friend of the governor. The latter and the prison doctor took us to old Polkins and though Dr. Staines had always been one of the old man's principal benefactors he glared at us as if we were horned tormentors with red-hot toasting forks.

"'Well, Polkins,' said Staines, gently. 'What's all this I hear?' 'You go to hell,' was the patriarch's reply. His eyes were burning with fury and I noticed his right hand was bandaged. Staines seated himself opposite him then reached over, lifted the old man's eyelids gently and examined his eyes.

"'Did he get this in the struggle?' he inquired, indicating the bandaged hand. The prison doctor shook his head and pointed out that the bandage was dirty. Well, Dr. Staines undid the bandage and examined the wound. The hand was scratched and torn and the cuts had festered.

"'How did you get this Polkins?' asked Staines. 'Is it any business o' yourn, darn you!' growled the amiable greybeard.

"'Tell me, Polkins,' pursued Staines, 'did you take one of my rabbits the night before last? You needn't be afraid to tell me, I was going to make you a present of one anyway.'

"'And what's a rabbit to you anyways?' retorted the winsome Polkins. 'You've got plenty on 'em. If you want to know, I did take un—I had a fancy for a bit o' rabbit—and a rare kind o' rabbit 'e were. Fought an' bit an' scratched like a wild-cat 'e did. Never see sich a beast as that danged beast in me born days. I skinned e' the same night, though.'"

O'Hara paused for a drink. "I was watching the doctor's face. It was very serious. 'So that is how you got your hand torn,' he said, as if to himself. Then he turned to the governor and the prison doctor. 'You will let me take a blood sample of this man? You see, that rabbit was an experimental rabbit.'

"They had a job with the venerable Polkins to get him to submit to the operation of the needle. 'I'm sorry I didn't put a match to your danged place early this morning as I had a mind to!' he shouted at Dr. Staines.

"'So you wanted to burn down my place early this morning, did you?' muttered Staines, a strange, repressed excitement in his voice. The others just put it down to the old man's ravings, but—oh, boy!—" O'Hara thumped the table, "I *felt* there was more in it than that!"

He shouted for another drink and muttered, "And Botts, the ass——"

"Keep to the rabbit," I implored.

"I saw Staines was preoccupied and, after accepting his invitation to dine with him four nights later, I left him outside the prison and went for a stroll through the town. Four days later I called on him in the afternoon, for he had invited me to come to tea and stay to dinner so that we could talk, and I asked him how old Polkins was.

"'Cured,' replied the doctor, with a faint smile.

"'Where is he?—Still in gaol?'

"'No, they have released him. He's here now you can see him for yourself.'

"The old man was giving a hand in the garden. He had volunteered to work gratuitously to express his gratitude to Staines, it seemed. He saluted me with profound respect when I approached and asked him how he was.

"'Very well indeed, sir, thanks to Dr. Staines

Lifting his stick, the ancient rustic smashed the postman across the face. "Take that, you big gob!"

though ashamed to me heart for the way I spoke to him when he came to see me in prison. And the poor postie, that I lifted me hand against! Ah, when the wicked nature in a man gets the upper hand, sir, it's terrible the things he does, terrible!'

"What bedeviled and confounded me just then," went on O'Hara, emphatically, "was that he hadn't *forgotten* his misdeeds, so it couldn't have been temporary madness. The last time I had seen him he was as amiable as a tiger with toothache and now there was a positive saintliness about the old man which I could see was genuine!

"The doctor met my congratulations with a gentle, enigmatical smile. 'What did you do to him?' I asked.

"'It's a longish story,' he replied, 'I'll tell you at dinner if——' Staines broke off for the elderly maid had entered to announce that Major Thornworth had called.

"'Show him in here,' said the doctor. Thornworth was the governor of the county gaol and his face when he entered, bore the peculiar, bewildered expression of a man who has looked upon strange workings.

"'Staines,' he began, and then seeing me, stopped. We greeted each other, as we had met before, and then Staines said, 'Thornworth, this is a friend of mine and I can vouch for his discretion. You have some news for me?'

"'I don't think,' began the major, 'that I ever honestly believed in your microbe, Staines, and I'm far from saying that I do yet—but what in blazes did you inject into those three prisoners, Murray, Valston and Crowley, the other day?'

"'The anti-toxin,' said the doctor, 'as I explained to you. Nothing can have gone wrong for it is perfectly harmless. I would never attempt the experiment otherwise, nor would I have got permission. It's stuff to kill a bacillus, Major, not the carrier of the bacillus.'

"'Yes, I quite believe you, Staines,' said the governor. 'But—well, this morning, Valston asked to see me. The fellow has already served ten months for housebreaking and he's due to go out in another two months. When he came into my presence I thought he was sick—he was entirely changed, somehow, in aspect and expression. Ordinarily he's a truculent, difficult ruffian but, to-day—well, he looked as if he'd awakened from a bad dream, or something. And do you know what he wanted to see me about?' The major's voice and eyebrows ascended the scale. 'I'm perfectly serious—he wanted to confess to three previous thefts for which he had never been convicted!'

"The doctor's eyes were shining," went on O'Hara. "The major told us then of the others. Crowley, who had robbed an old woman who kept a small fruit shop, of £150 and had doggedly refused to disclose where he had planked the money, had asked to see the chaplain and had requested that astounded cleric to inform the authorities that the money was in a bank in the East End of London in his sister's name and that it was to be refunded at once.

"Murray, a cynical wrongdoer, who had always preferred punishment to work, even in prison, had developed a profound depression and, like Rachel, refused to be comforted, but, to the bewilderment of warders and prisoners alike, now displayed an unflagging industry in the workshop which amounted nearly to a passion.

"Yes, I know," said O'Hara, "you find it laughable, preposterous, incredible. But I'm telling you, man, *that prison governor wasn't laughing*. He was slightly pale. He had long experience of prisoners and he was *worried, perplexed, out of his depth entirely*. 'I don't know what in heaven's name you've done to those men,' he said, 'but it's frankly uncanny. Moreover, I've had the statements of Valston and Crowley checked up and they're telling the truth!'

"The doctor had got up and had walked over to the window. I could feel his excitement. 'I *thought* I was right,' he muttered to himself." O'Hara paused again.

"I'll be brief," he said. "When I dined alone with Dr. Staines that evening I asked him what it was all about.

"'Two years ago,' he began, 'a man was hanged not far from here and I was allowed to perform a little experiment on his brain. He was an interesting case, a hardened criminal embodying practically every known form of evil and lawlessness. The list of crimes in his history—torture, blackmail, poisoning, finishing with parricide—was appalling. I located a mysterious, translucid bacillus which, as yet, is nameless. From a culture I injected the microbe into a rabbit. It died but I found the mystery bacillus in the pituitary gland, hale and hearty. I then experimented on several other rabbits; they lived, but in twenty-four hours became *savage*. One of them bit my dog.'

"'The rabbit bit your dog!' I gasped.

"'It got loose somehow,' explained the doctor, 'after a terrific struggle with paws and teeth, and attacked my dog. The dog killed it but within twenty-four hours I had to shoot the dog. From being the gentlest of beasts he had become ferocious.'

"'Rabies?' I suggested.

"'No trace of rabies,' explained Staines impatiently. 'Just general wickedness. I performed an autopsy and found my friend the germ—*bacillus criminis* I christened him for the time being—as I found it in old Polkins after the rabbit bit him.'

"'Doctor,' I said, looking him in the eye. 'What exactly are you trying to tell me?'

"'Just this,' he said. 'When I inject the bacillus in that murderer's brain into a peaceable animal it becomes *evil*, criminal. And old Polkins was no more mad than you are. His character was changed as the character of my rabbits and my dog changed and an ape on which I experimented recently. He was a pet before—now he's caged.'

"I let this sink in," said O'Hara, "and the doctor went on. 'I obtained permission recently to take blood samples of prisoners in the county gaol,' he proceeded. 'I have considerable influence there and it was arranged. They were volunteers of course, those prisoners, and received a small recompense. In every case the result was positive on analysis—the bacillus was there. Then I got access to the hospital. The result was different. Nine times out of ten, no *bacillus criminus*.'

"'You mean,' I stammered, as he paused, 'that the—the——'

"'I mean that in those morally defective prisoners, malefactors, the germ is there. In normally moral, or perfectly good people it is absent.'

"'In that case evil-doing is a matter of a microbe?' I said, groping after this. 'An infection like 'flu?'

"Staines leaned back and tapped the table noncommittally. 'Perhaps,' he said."

O'Hara banged the table. "When that hit me I felt the ground rocking under my feet. Evil was a germ! Think of it. A disease, a malady that might be inoculated or eradicated with a hypodermic needle, provided the doctor could find the opposite dope!

"And why not?" roared O'Hara. "Are we not living in the midst of prodigies? We exist on a burning ball whirling through space at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles a second and we don't find that surprising! 'That's quite simple,' observes your imbecile, understanding nothing, and the mystery becomes an act of faith. Show the world wireless telegraphy or television a few centuries too soon and you're burned at the stake, though the same people who roast you express no astonishment at the fact that a star which an astronomer discovers in the heavens has probably disappeared from the firmament a hundred years before!

"In life it is always the extraordinary that happens and it doesn't seem natural till later on." O'Hara paused and lifted his glass, after this outburst. He scowled, for he was thinking of Botts.

"'One thing I am certain of,' went on Dr. Staines, 'thanks to the evidence of my microscope and my cultures, and that is that evil instincts appear under analysis like other infections. The results of

(*Continued on page* 16)

Continuing *The Crime Bacillus*

my experiments with wrongdoers and honest citizens have proved that the germ exists and its presence in the human organism indicates a state of perversity. It remained to prove whether it was *responsible* for this state of affairs—and we had the case of old Polkins, infected by the rabbit.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'exactly. The case of old Polkins. So that, doctor, you mean that—that if you injected a shot of that culture into a bishop, say, he might go out and commit a burglary?'

"'I think, now, he would very probably develop criminal instincts,' replied Dr. Staines gravely.'

"Then," continued O'Hara, "he proceeded to tell me of his search for an anti-toxin. Heavens! What unflagging patience during the long, weary months. He had hoped to find a serum but was forced to resort to chemistry. All likely combinations seemed to leave the microbe stronger than ever. And then, some days before I came along, he made his one hundred and twenty-seventh experiment and awaited results. Though the subject of his experiment died, like the others, to his joy and astonishment he found no trace of the microbe this time. He repeated the process with several rabbits—same result. The rabbits died the same night but the bacillus also—as the autopsy showed.

"Next he juggled about with chemicals, diminishing this, increasing that, till, finally, he discovered a formula with a base of dichlorhydrate of thorium which he tried on a rabbit. It lived—and analysis showed no trace of the malevolent germ. Moreover, the rabbit reverted to the normal, gentle, timid habits of its species. He administered the anti-toxin to the others, with the same result.

"Success at last! The ape he had not yet inoculated for he wished to study it further. It had been curiously affected by the bacillus—symptoms of heavy torpor, alternated by sudden fits of terrifying rage—and the doctor was of the opinion that there was something more to be learnt from the reaction of the germ of evil on the ape. Hence, he had not yet inoculated it with the anti-toxin.

"Then," proceeded O'Hara, "came the case of old Polkins. The day after I went with him to the gaol he inoculated Polkins and the three other prisoners—they volunteered on the usual basis of reward—and you know the result." O'Hara stopped again and frowned at the little river running past the inn.

"I can't tell you what my meditations were as I sat silent after he had explained these things. I thought of the terrifying mysteries that surround us and I was filled with a holy awe. I asked him one thing. 'Supposing,' I said, 'you injected your anti-toxin into somebody who had not the germ of—of malevolence in his system—what then?'

"'No effect whatever,' he replied. 'I've tried it.'

"'On whom?'

"'On my handy man here, Barnes. He volunteered. A blood test first proved the mystery bacillus was absent. The subsequent inoculation had no effect. Barnes is exactly as before.'

"The doctor, however, wanted more proofs before announcing his discovery and I gave my word not to let anything out till I had his permission. He needed more proofs before facing the deluge of hostile criticism of his confreres. He knew the arguments in advance. 'Preposterous pretensions of doctor who would class crime as a malady like measles.' 'Probably a pseudo-encephalitic microbe of the most insignificant variety,' etc.

"Well, a week later I dined again with Dr. Staines—and now I come to the incident of the mayor. For the incident of the mayor," said O'Hara, with considerable satisfaction, "I am, in large part, responsible. He was a fairly frequent visitor at the doctor's and, though not in his secret, regarded Staines, I could see, as a man full of daft, scientific ideas, surrounded by queer animals with which he amused himself all day.

"I didn't like that over-fat, over-fed, loud-voiced hippogriff, who had made a fortune out of groceries, and his material-minded contempt for my friend galled me. Well, he dined with Staines and me the night he had his attack. It was rather terrifying. He was saying something when, suddenly, his words went gaga in his mouth, his hand clawed the air, he grew redder in the face and then toppled over the table.

"The doctor was administering to him in a few seconds and, as I saw him injecting something into him to bring him round, I said, 'Will he recover?'

"Staines nodded. 'Then why not,' I whispered, 'inoculate him with your anti-toxin?'

"For a moment the doctor and I gazed into each other's eyes, silently and understandingly. Before the mayor was taken home that night he was inoculated. Well, when he recovered from that attack he was a changed man. People said it was the fright of the attack. Maybe." O'Hara stopped a moment. "Note this well. The doctor explained to me that the virulence of the mystery bacillus varied in the human organism, as with every other germ, but if it was present at all there should be certain reactions to his dichlorhydrate of dioxydimethyle—I can't remember all the formula; the anti-toxin in brief. It didn't necessarily follow that everyone carrying the germ was a criminal but he had possibilities if you understand.

"Well, the first thing the mayor did was to resign his civic post and then he gave £10,000 to the local fund for the unemployed. A week ago, I was speaking to him and there was a gentleness about him I had never noticed before. A vein of self-reproach, of self-condemnation almost, seemed to underlie his discourse, like a man chastened or one whose eyes are opened to the varying shades of improbity, that most people call 'business acumen' or 'sharpness in affairs,' that lurk, like the doctor's germ, in the brain of a man, a small spot of rottenness. But then, everybody said that was the result of his illness. . . ."

O'Hara finished his whisky. "Now I come to the tragedy—one of the saddest of our time." His voice grew husky. "Three days ago my friend the doctor was found dead in the ape's cage. You remember the ape? He had gone evidently to inoculate it—imprudently alone—and it had awakened from its torpor and attacked him. I won't go into details. The cage door was open and the monkey was gone. I rushed back from the scene and wrote the whole story I have told you to Botts. You know his reply. And here——" O'Hara produced his newspaper from his pocket—"here is what they wrote of him, probably supplied by some fool of a local correspondent."

He handed me the paper and I read, half-way down an inside page:

"DOCTOR KILLED BY MONKEY

SICK PET ATTACKS ITS MASTER AND ESCAPES FROM CAGE

Dr. John Staines, of Wimbley House, Little Hatton, Shropshire, was found dead yesterday in the cage of a pet ape which, it appears, had been ailing for some time past. It is presumed the doctor entered the cage, which is isolated from the collection of other animals that he possessed, to treat it, and, although usually in a state of torpor, the animal had attacked him furiously, inflicting fatal injuries. The monkey has escaped and is being assiduously searched for though there is no reason to believe that it is suffering from rabies. It is thought probable that by this time it will have died.

"Dr. Staines, a widower, 52, has been for some years living in retirement pursuing research work in connection with diseases of the brain. He was the author of two well-known monographs on cerebral disorders."

"That," said O'Hara disgustedly, "is Botts." A great sadness came to his face. "And I had a dream," he continued, hoarsely, "of a world of miracles, of men insured against evil, of the annihilation of sin; of newspaper boys screaming the news in London's streets of the greatest discovery of history, of crowds waiting at clinics established by the State, of obligatory inoculation, of certificates, like vaccination certificates, that had to be produced by members of Parliament before presenting themselves for election and by candidates for positions of trust. . . . There swam before my visionary's gaze a new world of peace, honesty, gentleness, wherein wickedness had no part and——"

He stopped, for at that moment a servant from the inn came with a telegram for him. O'Hara ripped it open and then swore colourfully and picturesquely.

"Read that," he said, handing it over. It was signed by the enemy Botts.

"*Man found dead near Charlcross not far from you,*" ran the message. "*Signs indicate may be work of escaped monkey. Perhaps if fit you can visit scene and see if worth vamping up half a column.*"

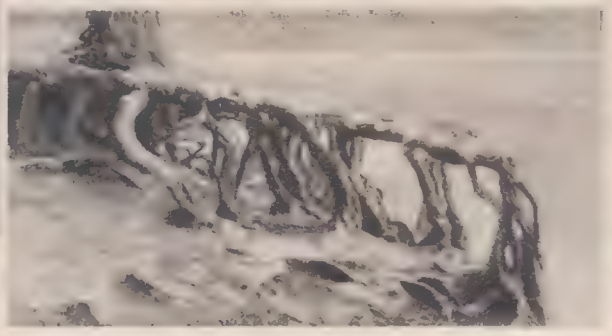
"See if worth vamping up half a column," said O'Hara, and then he laughed loudly. "There's an ape at large carrying innumerable billions of the bacilli of murder and every other crime. Half a column! I only hope he gets as far as Fleet Street."

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

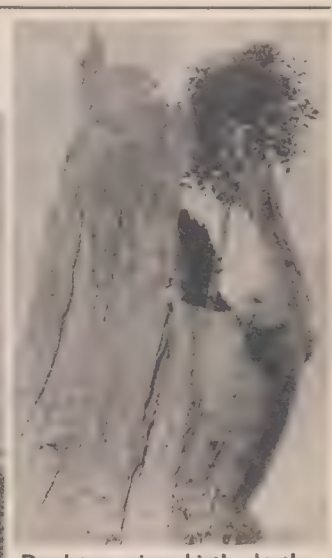
This pedlar of Chilham, Kent, exchanges new clocks for old—with a slight cash adjustment.

Not the effect of a snowstorm. This burning car was smothered with foam to extinguish the fire.



Totem poles, surmounted with heads of Indian gods and animals are being used in British Columbia as Belisha beacons. The eyes change colour as required.

Erosion of the earth disclosed the intricate root formation of this pine tree at Keston, Kent.



Dead tree gives birth. In the rotten trunk of a boxwood tree this Kurrajong has been growing for three years.

Rai Bajoria, insomnolent Indian millionaire, has offered a fortune to any doctor who can make him sleep. No one can, and he is resigned to a slow death.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Can't ee stop 'im making faces at our Albert ?"

"Just gettin' even with the captain—he insisted on cooking the dinner."

"I found it in the tea-caddy."

"Oh, Leslie—baby robins !"

A MAN AND A PET

by A. C. BARRETT

Animal trainer: "You don't mind, do you, dear? Nero's got a gumboil."

"That's our Willie at college—it's the second time this week he's asked for money."

"Isn't my husband terrible? He just practises his act on anybody."

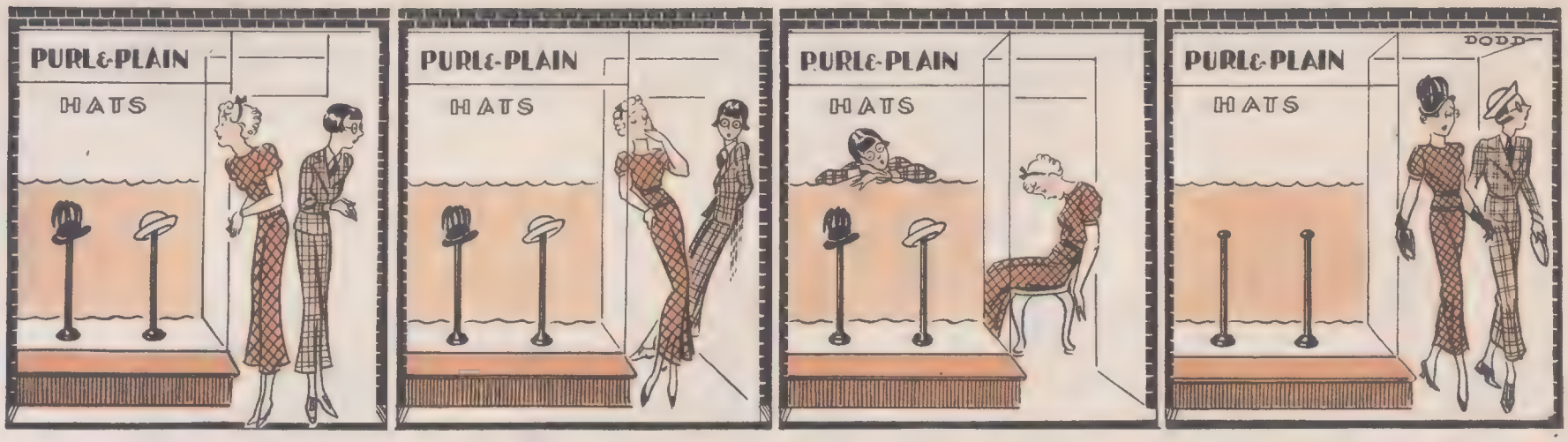
"I wonder, Muriel—do I pass on the right or the left?"

"Hi, mister! You've got a bite."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"Peter! What on earth have you been doing?"
"I'se spilt the ink on the 'lectric fan."

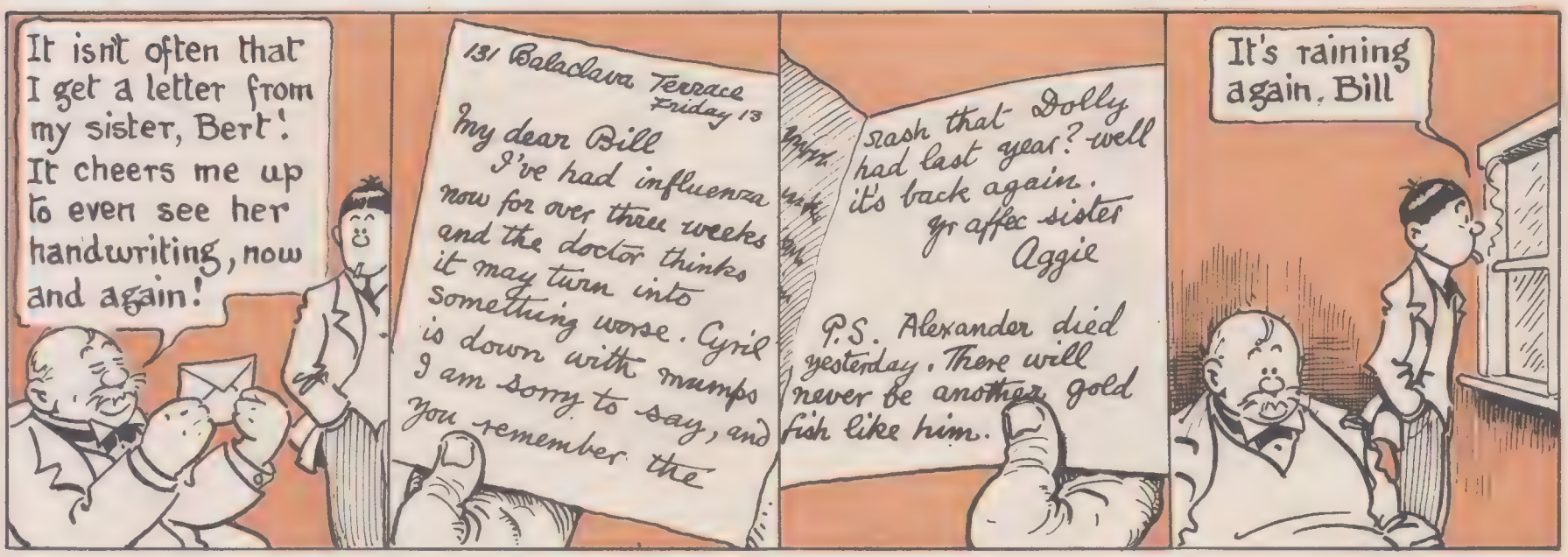
"Madam, you should come during my consultation hours and not so late as this."
"That is the fault of the dog who bit me—he knows nothing about your hours."
—*Stuttgarter Illustrierte*, Stuttgart.



I likes to do same as everyone does,
So went the cup final to see.
My—it was a do!
An'—when I came to—
I thought t'was the final of me!

"You'm ploughin' with the wrong 'orse, Garge."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



looks alone won't win the girl!

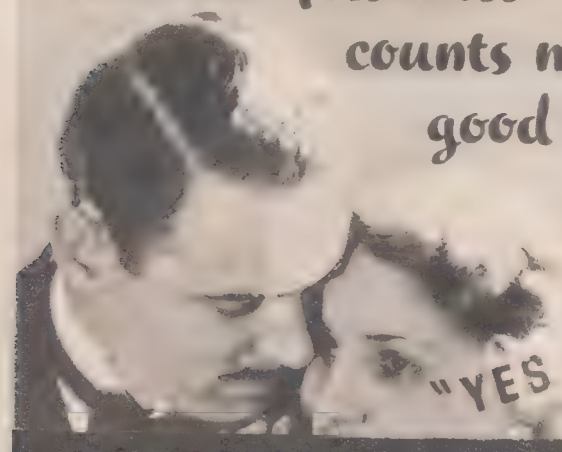
"WISH I WAS AS SURE OF SALLY AS I AM OF PERSONAL FRESHNESS— THANKS TO LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP!"

"ANYHOW, SHE CAN'T HOLD 'B.O.' UP AGAINST ME! I KNOW PERSPIRATION HASN'T CLOGGED UP *MY* PORES!"

"THAT HEALTH ELEMENT IN THE LATHER IS REFRESHING IT GETS RIGHT DOWN TO THE JOB OF PORE CLEANSING"

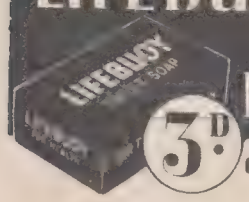
"Wish me luck!"

Personal freshness counts more than good looks



"YES JOHN!"

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP



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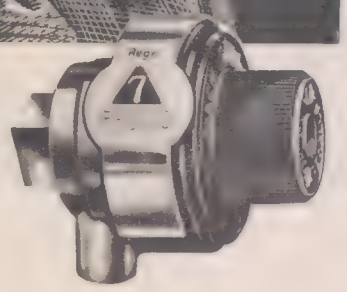
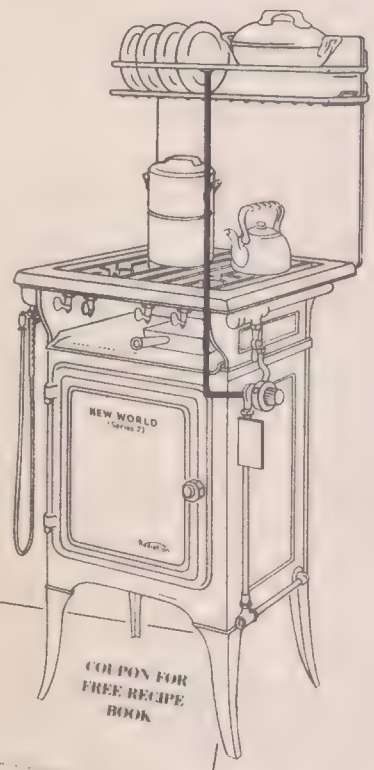


"It's all nonsense to say a man can't cook: anybody can these days. I can. And by George, you should taste my cooking! How do I do it? Simple! I just set the Regulo of my New World Gas Cooker at the correct number, put all the dishes of my dinner into the oven and let them cook all together at the same time. Yes! You can take it from me—the choice for any bachelor is an easy one. He can have a housekeeper pottering around, or he can do his own cooking . . . so far as I am concerned, it's settled—I prefer the Regulo."

-and people you know use the REGULO!



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Her Hands

THE meat was dry. It hadn't any taste. Clave munched steadily, his eyes fixed on his tin plate.

He heard Berne slew heavily in his seat.

"No pickled onions to-night?" he growled.

Clave's eyes lifted. He looked at Berne, sitting there, big, stolid, dull and unimaginative as a cow.

"Sorry, Berne. You finished the last of the onions yesterday."

It was Freda who said that. She was pushing another cup of coffee across the table; but Clave's eyes looked, not at the steaming coffee in the cup, but at the thumb curved about the saucer rim. A big, fat, red, ugly thumb, he thought it. The nail was cracked and rather dirty.

He swallowed another slice of meat, pushed away his half-empty plate, as if, suddenly, his appetite had gone.

Sullenly he sat, while Berne, with the manners of a pig, finished his meal. Berne was a big man and it took a lot of food to satisfy him. Liked plenty of flavour with his food, too. Took four lumps of sugar in his tea, as well as sweetened milk out of a tin. Now, because there were no onions left to go with the meat, there was a still, bright gleam of angry resentment in his eyes. Berne had one god, and that seemed to be his stomach.

"Finished, Clave?"

Clave nodded. He fished out his pipe, sat drawing at it while Freda cleared the table. She was a slender woman. Viewed from the back, in the smoky lamplight, she was almost girlish-looking. Clave admired the set of her shoulders, the lithe swing of her body. She had slim, well-shaped legs; her arms were young and firm. Her face was small; it had delicacy, expression, *life*.

As beautiful as a Madonna; that was Freda.

Clave's eyes travelled down those firm young arms, came to rest, with a queer sense of shock, upon her hands.

They were the ugliest hands he had ever seen on a woman.

Swollen, inflamed, with the skin cracked, with broken, dirty nails. . . .

Quite suddenly Clave ceased to draw at his pipe. He sat with a fixed stare of vacancy in his eyes.

Outside, the desert smoked. A bright belt of sky, full of uncanny light, swept along the outer rib, dissolved in darkness. The breath of the desert came hot. The silence, out there, was like the silence of a hot, brass world.

Berne never looked at the desert; he was too used to it. He knew it was there; that, in all probability, it always would be there. That was sufficient. But Clave noticed it, just as he noticed other things—Freda's hands, for instance.

And, even now, he always noticed them with that queer sense of shock, even of something like repulsion. Clave was always so careful about his own hands. True that the Painted Desert hadn't improved them during the last few months, but they were still—well, quite good hands for a man. At night, after a hard day's toil, he always soaked them in a special preparation of glycerine and rosewater. Clave wasn't effeminate, but a great part of his boyhood had been spent in learning how to take care of his hands—those hands which, one day, were to make a fortune for him.

Clave, as a boy, had had genius; they had said of him that one day he would be a great musician—if only he remembered to take care of his hands. Clave had remembered; but, somehow, the world had ignored him.

Important things, hands; the idea had been drilled into him relentlessly.

Freda should have *beautiful* hands.

All the rest of her body was beautiful; why not her hands?

He got up irritably. He was interested in Freda—had been interested in her for some time now, he knew. He shot a rather sardonic glance at Berne. The absence of pickled onions still made his face seem upset. A big, gluttonous fool; that was Berne. If he'd got any sense at all, with a wife like Freda . . .

Clave leaned against the middle door. He could hear water splashing somewhere, knew that Freda was washing the dirty dishes. Clave's eyes swept the place, still sardonically.

"You could eat off the floor," he said savagely.

"What?" Berne demanded, slewing round again.

Clave turned and walked into the kitchen. The excessive cleanliness of it irritated him more than ever. Freda worked like a drudge; worse than that. Cooking, cleaning, scrubbing, fetching and carrying. . . . A damned rotten shame it was, Clave thought. He stood behind her, as she washed the supper things.

Once, silently, she turned her face, looked at him. He felt the blood grow warm in his veins. She attracted him. Her face, her eyes, her body, attracted him. But her hands repelled. To Clave, a woman's hands were just as important as her face. No woman could be really beautiful who possessed such hands. He shut his eyes, trying to imagine what Freda would be like if she had nice hands; and suddenly he knew that he was conjuring up a vision of the Perfect Woman.

"Let me dry those dishes," he said.

He took a cloth, began to dry them, scarcely looking at her. She sat down. There was a weakness in her attitude.

"Why don't you take more care of your hands, Freda?"

She stared.

"My—hands? Why?"

He said gruffly: "You're beautiful. I dare say you know that without my telling you?"

Rising, she looked into the mirror over the wash-basin.

"Beautiful? Am I?"

He smiled oddly.

"Don't you ever notice things about yourself?"

"Well, not often. I—I don't have much time——"

"I know. Berne must be blind."

Clave was looking at her face. The Madonna-like beauty of it enthralled him. There was invitation in those expressive dark eyes of hers—an invitation which she didn't trouble to conceal, or even veil at all. Clave swallowed. He turned to approach her; but suddenly, in front of the mirror, she lifted her hands. . . .

He walked back into the living-room. That, too, was spotless, with the boards scrubbed as white as snow. That was how she broke her nails, Clave supposed; scrubbing away, morning, noon and night, at those thick, rough-edged boards. He stood scowling at them, a bitter resentment in his eyes. But trying to analyse his emotions only made his mood worse.

"What was that you were sayin' about eatin' off the floor?" Berne asked.

"Nothing," Clave retorted, almost snarling.

Berne looked at him in heavy surprise.

"What's wrong? Indigestion? That meat——"

"I'm not always thinking of my stomach," Clave flared. Then he added quickly: "Sorry. Forget it. I—I'm a bit out of sorts to-night."

Berne's face had about as much intelligence in it as a cow's.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, comfortably. "Don't feel too good myself, if it comes to that. Lord, that meat *was* tough. Mind you, I'm not blamin' Freda's cookin' for that."

"Freda cooks like an angel," Clave said.

"She does that," Berne nodded, with a satisfied grin.

"And works like a damned galley-slave," Clave added, becoming conscious of a rather surprised expression in Berne's face. "Oh, I suppose I'm talking out of my turn, but I can't help it."

"All women work hard in the desert," said Berne.

"I suppose you're right," Clave said. "The desert's still a bit strange to me. Was Freda born out here?"

"No. But she belongs—now."

Clave began to feel better. He pushed more tobacco into his pipe and lit it, sitting back more easily to survey the large stolidity of Berne sprawled across the table.

The couple started guiltily at Berne's approach.

A *Complete Story by* STEPHEN PHILLIPS

desert came to him, vast, warm, fluttering. He looked sideways, as something stirred in him; the light in the bedroom had gone out. . . .

Clave shut the door. He slept badly that night, remembering Freda's eyes in the mirror. . . Dawn came stirring across the desert; with a pearly lustre of the skies. For the first time, that morning, Clave was up first and lit the stove. Freda cooked breakfast. Long before the men had finished, she was down on her knees, scrubbing out Clave's room.

Together, under the burning skies, they walked out towards the east ridge. Soon, all around them, the desert was a great, smoking cauldron.

Clave sat on a rock, sheltered from the sun, which poured blood-red shadows across Berne.

"Think I'll go out to Paynton to-morrow for stores," he said; but that wasn't entirely Clave's idea.

"All right," said Berne, who had breakfasted lavishly and was in an amicable mood.

Clave started an hour before dawn, with the pack-mule. Freda, dropping small bits of soda into a basin outside the door, watched him go. A purple flame lit up the desert ; it died quiveringly, and the blood-red sky streamed across the flat slabs of sand. He made the return journey at night. Freda was washing garments on a scrub-board, with the soapy water slopping about her legs.

"Tie my apron, will you?" She looked across her shoulder at Clave.

He tied the apron for her.

"A little present, Freda." He held out a small paper packet.

She began to dry her rough, work-scarred hands, staring curiously at the packet.

"What is it, Clave?"

"Look and see."

She opened it.

"*Gloves*," she ejaculated.

Clave said seriously : "Yes, gloves." His eyes looked with a strangely compelling light into hers. "You see, I hate to see you with such hands. . . ."

"Do I wear them to work in, then?"

"Of course. That's what they're for. Water-proof, dirt-proof and everything else," he said, in that serious manner. "You see, they're made of *real* skin."

"It's ages since I wore gloves," she said. "It was nice of you, Clave, to——"

Berne stamped heavily into the room.

"Hallo, Clave. Have a decent trip?" He swung round and stared at Freda. "What the blazes have you got there?"

She laughed slightly.

"Gloves. Clave brought them from Paynton for me."

Berne looked heavily from Clave to his wife. He said in a flat tone : "I see. But work never did anyone any harm."

"It—it *does* rough up my hands, rather," she said, breathlessly.

A brooding displeasure had come into Berne's face.

"Mighty considerate of you," he said to Clave, and turned and walked back slowly into the desert.

"Now," said Clave angrily, "why should *he* be upset?"

In sudden temper she threw the washing over the board.

"Oh, he likes to see me slaving away," she said, viciously.

"I don't," said Clave.

She looked up at him.

"No, you're different. Berne belongs in the desert."

Berne thrust his face through the doorway.

"Remember the pickled onions?" he asked.

Clave sat down, scowling. Freda took up the scrub-board and went out. Gradually the displeasure went from Berne's face. A dim twinkle of amusement showed in his eyes.

"What made you buy those silly things for Freda?" he asked.

Clave looked at the log wall in front of him, steadily.

"I've always been rather particular," he said, "about—*hands*." His gaze, resting an instant on Berne's stupid face, was sardonic. "I'm somewhat of an aesthete."

"What's that?" asked Berne, without any attempt to conceal his ignorance.

"An aesthete," Clave explained patiently, "means someone devoted to the principles of aesthetics. I suppose you're not much wiser now?"

"No," Berne confessed, "I'm not."

"Aesthetics is a science, Berne—the science of the beautiful in nature and art."

Berne just stared; and Clave was reminded more than ever of a cow—and not a particularly intelligent cow at that.

"The desert's all right," he observed, in that flat, heavy voice, "for *men*."

Clave, still with that sardonic expression went out into the blood-red sunglare. That evening, when Freda fetched the supper, he found his eyes travelling instinctively towards her hands. The smoky light, gleaming down on them, showed him that they were a little less swollen and dirty, a little less ugly, than usual.

Berne, eating his food with noisy relish, jerked a thumb across the table.

"Ain't polished the stove to-day, have you?" he said.

Freda looked across at him; there was fearless challenge in her face.

"No," she said clearly.

Berne grunted in a dissatisfied sort of way. He was still grumbling, two weeks later, as he and Clave plodded across the burning black sand of the east ridge.

"Can't think what's come over Freda lately," Berne said, growling. "Never seen the place look so—so *messy*. All she done, yesterday, was to sit an' look at her hands."

It was dark when they got back. Freda had just lit the smoky oil-lamp. Through the murky light, a growing resentment in his cow-like face, Berne stood looking about the place, muttering under his breath at times.

"Ain't scrubbed them floors to-day, I know," Berne said, his voice grating. "Ain't put a hand to the mangle, neither. Ain't——"

Clave slammed the inner door. Freda was in the kitchen. She was standing in front of the small glass, down which the moisture from the cooking ran and dripped.

Clave paused, staring at her. The curtain hadn't been drawn across the window; out there, in the night silence, the desert lay slowly cooling.

Freda turned. There was animation in her face. Her eyes danced. She held up her slim young arms.

"Look," she cried, "*look at my hands*."

Slowly, with strong anticipation, he went towards her, while her eyes watched him, drew him.

Clave looked; and, against the purple fire of the desert, streaming through the window behind her, he saw the Perfect Woman.

Her hands were beautiful.

His arms went about the slender softness of her body. His mouth sought hers, found it; her response was fierce, almost primitive.

Clave was swept by an irresistible storm. It swept him off his feet as suddenly, as savagely, as it swept Freda. He was

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Stuarts

Continuing Her Hands

mad for her, and she was mad for him; and, outside, the stars gleamed over the desert. . . .

Berne's shuffling footsteps, moving heavily over the bare boards, roused them from a kind of ecstatic delirium. The couple started guiltily at his approach, but he gave no sign of suspicion.

Clave followed him into the living-room and sat down. Berne sat opposite, growling under his breath at times; and there was a growing spite in his eyes.

"Ain't seen the place so messy-lookin' for ages," he said. Immediately the door opened and Freda appeared, carrying the food. He stuck his fork into one of the dishes. "Potatoes ain't cooked, neither," he growled. "Hard as iron, they are, an' there's dirt, thick as a sixpence, on this table——"

Freda looked at him. Her beauty, that night, was a free and fearless thing.

"Well, why don't *you* try a bit of scrubbing for a change?" she asked.

"Yes," said Clave, "why don't you?"

He could feel his blood run hot as he stared at Berne. Previously, he had merely despised the cow-like, stupid fool. But now, in him, a stronger emotion was growing.

He was mad for Freda.

As her hands had grown beautiful, so had his hate been born, developed, until. . .

Moodily, that night, he sat and watched Berne, the dull, flat voice, unimaginative clod. When, at last, Berne rose to go to bed, Clave's hatred almost got the better of him. He sat there, alone, feeling a dampness all over his body, a sort of shivering. The mere idea of Freda in Berne's arms was now intolerable. He walked moodily across the desert, through the night, his eyes fixed in a far-off, vacant stare, his feet sinking noiselessly into the red dust, as the cooling breath of the desert fanned his hot cheeks, which burnt like fire.

Next morning he looked strange, rather ill. Berne commented upon it, in his usual stupid fashion; but Clave scarcely heard what he said.

They went out into the desert, tramping side by side. At times, monotonously, Berne grumbled about dirt and dust and badly cooked potatoes; Clave walked steadily. His arms hung straight at his sides, with the flatness of boards.

Steadily, side by side, in silence now, they walked into the purple fire of the desert.

Quite suddenly, in the purple glitter, Berne stopped, jumped backwards, his heels digging into the sand, the sweat gleaming brightly on his face, his eyes staring in foolish fear.

"My God," he said, "I nearly. . . ."

Clave looked. Coiled on a hot bit of rock was a rattlesnake, sleeping in the sun. Clave stared silently at the ominous coils of it. Another step and—exit, Berne. The thought flashed through his brain. He became aware, as he stood there, of a growing sense of disappointment.

After a while, with a last curious stare at the sleeping reptile, he stepped round it and passed on, followed by Berne.

"A pretty near thing," said Clave; and then, sideways, he glanced at Berne's stupid-looking face, conscious of an ever-deepening regret.

Why had Berne been made to notice the snake just a moment too soon?

Purple flared in the desert. The rocks sizzled. The heat drove down upon them. Clave's face got livid. His eyes flickered this way and that, brightly. He stared at Berne's clumsy great back—a back which reminded him of the hind-quarters of some dull-witted animal. His hand made a gliding motion towards his hip. In surprise, he became aware that he was making the motions of drawing a gun. But he hadn't a gun. And, even if he had had one, that wasn't the way.

Even in the desert, when killing anybody, one had to exercise a certain amount of discretion.

As the purple flames swathed about them, Clave realised the grim but rather exciting truth.

When he had brought those gloves from Paynton he had signed Berne's death-warrant

He let Berne go back alone. So full was he with his own dark thoughts that he had no desire to eat. The desert got cold. The stars flickered above, a stream of silver ran, splashing, to his feet and, through the stream, came Freda.

He held her tightly, like a hungry man, while he kissed her lips, her arms, and, finally, her hands.

"Beautiful hands," he said, ecstatically.

She looked at them, in the light of the desert stars, a little oddly.

"Once," she said, "they were so ugly."

Clave looked into the desert, breathing deeply.

"To-night," he said, "the desert looks almost beautiful."

"Everything," she said, "is beautiful."

"And you," he said, looking at her, his eyes intense, "the most beautiful thing of all."

The silver died at their feet; a darkness grew in the desert.

She shivered slightly.

"Cold?" he said.

She snuggled closer.

"No. Just—just a little scared, I think."

"Of what?"

"Of Berne."

Holding her still, his hands grew clammily cold. He, too, had not forgotten Berne.

"I'm starting for Sioux Falls to-morrow," he said, casually. "Got to order those new parts of machinery."

"How long will you be away, Clave?"

"Three or four weeks, maybe."

"That—that's a long while, Clave."

"Yes," he said; but he seemed to be thinking of something else.

"It—it'll seem like three years to me," he said.

In an absent-minded way, he turned and kissed her again. In silence, with Freda walking beside him, they returned to the hut.

Freda watched him leave, next day.

"When you come back . . ." she breathed.

He nodded.

"When I come back," he said.

He went, plodding beside the pack-mule, into the livid whiteness of the desert dawn. He had decided what to do. He must have Freda. She appealed to his aesthetic senses as no woman had ever done before, for Clave's soul craved for perfection in all things. So Berne must be—eliminated. Not brutally, crudely done away with. In the desert, that sort of thing still had its risks. Berne must be quietly, unostentatiously—removed.

At Sioux Falls, in a round-about fashion, he procured a little paper packet, containing a minute quantity of pale green powder.

A month later, plodding back across the desert, the thrill of grim anticipation grew in him, mounting steadily.

Night came before he reached home. Lamplight gleamed from one of the windows.

He put the mule away, went into the kitchen to wash the desert sand out of his ears and eyes. He could hear Freda somewhere. He began to wonder why she hadn't come to meet him. He went into the living-room. A meal was put ready. There was cold meat, cold potatoes, and bread.

Clave stood there. His gaze, switching this way and that, held a sort of wondering curiosity. He stared at the floor, the table, the stove. Then, suddenly, his gaze switched back to the meal put ready on the table. From his pocket, very slowly, he drew the tiny packet containing the pale green powder. He opened it, sensitively sniffed at the powder. It destroyed slowly but very surely, that powder. It had neither taste nor smell.

His gaze came to rest on a new jar of onions, put ready on the table. Freda never touched the things; neither did he. Only the stupid-looking Berne.

Cautiously he began to unscrew the metal ring of the jar. Suddenly he heard a door open and slipped the little packet swiftly into his pocket. He saw Freda. She stood motionless in the doorway, looking at him.

Her approach was slow, reluctant; and then, suddenly, he noticed her hands.

They were no longer nice hands.

Big, swollen, inflamed, with cracked and dirty nails. . . .

Clave stared; a sort of horror seemed to sweep his soul.

"What—what have you been doing?" he said. "What have you been doing with *your hands?*"

Her voice came sharply, shrill in accusation:

"He—he did it."

"Who?"

"Berne. . . ."

"Why?"

"He—he said I was getting lazy, scared of work."

Clave's veins swelled in his head and throat.

"And—the gloves I fetched for you?"

"He *burnt* them."

She sat down, began to sob.

Clave stood there, his expression almost foolish in its vacancy.

He heard Berne shuffling across the boards. He turned and walked out into the desert night. He took the little paper packet and scattered the green powder on the sand.

Berne was sitting at the table, alone, when he went back. Clave sat down; he had a dead, empty feeling inside him.

His hand reached for the jar as Berne picked up his knife and fork. Mechanically, he pushed it across the table.

"Onions?" he said.

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And do you know a country where there are more pigs than people, a land of 60,000 lakes, a country that lives on gambling, a spring that was used by Christ as a boy, or houses that were built without nails?

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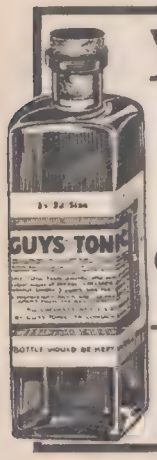

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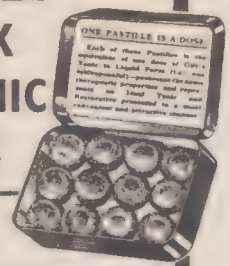

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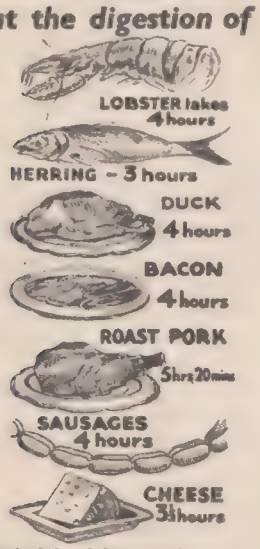

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Five Kinds *of*

WHEN a woman of uncertain figure walks into the soothing atmosphere of a corset shop her conversation begins in this vein :

"Oh, I am sure you have not anything that *really* fits me—I am so difficult to suit (with a sigh). You will see my measurements are different from anyone else's——"

"I quite understand, madam," says the patient assistant sympathetically, as she shows the customer into the fitting room, "but I have just *your* corset. I am sure—let me just take your measurement. Deftly she unrolls her tape measure and encircles the customer.

Then the strangest things begin to happen. First she examines a large chart on which she carefully dials the three measurements she has taken. In a few moments a foundation garment, which once might have been called a corset, is adjusted. It fits, line by line and curve to curve.

The explanation of the mystery is that the assistant has found the "group shape" of the woman, for she is one of five types and not, as she fondly believes, unlike anyone else.

This is the story of the "Five Type" discovery. Nearly twenty-five years ago a young Australian began selling corsets in his native land. He sold three types of garment—slender, average and "stylish stout."

After a few years he began to feel dissatisfied with the result of his work. The "stylish stout" ones sometimes looked most unstylish, and it was difficult to know what to do, because women seemed to be all shapes !

One day he lunched with a professor of anatomy; the talk turned to the young man's job, and suddenly he had an idea. "Professor," he asked, "how can I find out what shapes women really are?"

The professor considered the matter seriously and as a result the National Research Council of Australia took the matter up.

The next step was to discover a really accurate method of measuring a woman and ascertaining her exact shape, for it was realised that mere measurements would not give exact curves and lengths of line.

Eventually a method was evolved. A woman was placed in an upright box, then measurements were taken between the woman's body and the box at inch distances. It was then possible to make a mould in which a plaster model could be cast.

This was of course a most laborious method, and it became obvious that measurements at such short distances as one inch were unnecessary. Twenty-two were sufficient over all, but that first model remains as a monument of patient research, and the minute dents every inch are still visible.

When it was found that the shape of a woman could be determined by twenty-two measurements, the next step was to discover how much one woman differed from another.

A number of science graduates were engaged by the Research Council to work out whether it was possible to divide women into types according to shape, which the research already made seemed to suggest.

However, a new problem loomed up. How could they find sufficient women who would be willing to be measured?

This new difficulty was solved in several ways.

First of all, Australians spend a great deal of time, especially in summer, on the beaches, surfing and bathing. The research workers went to the sea shore and persuaded bathing girls to be measured, sometimes organising competitions to make it more interesting.

This was a most successful method, but young girls predominated, and a correct report of all types could not be gleaned from measuring only swimmers.

The next step was to besiege women's clubs, where with tact and diplomacy, measurements were obtained of women who were older and usually of a more statuesque type than the beach girls.

But even in the clubs a really fat woman was a rarity. Still it was obvious that there were thousands of fat women in the world, who must also represent a type.

Turkish baths, which are popular in Australia, are frequented by women of all classes, so to the Turkish baths the students went in search of their fat women—and found them.

The quest continued for five years and during that time more than 20,000 women were measured and thousands of pounds spent.

However, long before that number was reached, it had been found that women, quite naturally, fitted into five types, according to shape.

As one of the experts explained it : "Every woman has 'group' characteristics. She is 'group' shape. She, like thousands of others, is wide in the same places and narrow in others."

By this time the Australian corset maker was amazed at the astounding result of his lunch-time conversation with the professor of anatomy.

SERVICE for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

No matter what your shape or size, you are one of five types, so far as the corsetiere is concerned.

Female

WOMAN to WOMAN by D.M.B. Collier

He had long realised that the idea was too big to remain in Australia, so he came to Great Britain, having learnt that fifteen million pairs of corsets are sold here every year.

From the particulars which the research workers had gleaned, he constructed his "type indicator," which makes it possible to obtain a garment to fit by dialling the three key measurements. From these measurements can be discovered not only your figure type, but your position in that type and your individual fitting.

In this way are passing the old days, when stock sizes (so called) never fitted certain women. In addition, many dress designers are evolving their own "type" ideas, and "dressing to type" may soon become usual.

Stores as well as exclusive dress houses will make gowns for the average English type, the Latin type, and so on, instead of the misleading Small Women, Women. Matron, and Outsize, which so often has to suffice at present, although not all matrons have "matronly" figures and an old lady may have the proportions of a young girl.

Here are the five types described as briefly as possible.

The Average, often a girl but sometimes an older woman, has chest and hip measurements about equal, with a rather wide waist and no prominence below. Generally her lines are flowing and graceful, streamlined, one might say.

The Average type may vary from 5 ft. 2 in. in height to 5 ft. 6 in. or even taller. Her hip measurement, from 32 in. to 38 in. according to height, will not exceed the chest by more than two inches, and the waist will not be less than 10 in. smaller than the hips.

This woman will measure about 12 or 13 in. round the neck, 20 in. round the thigh, 12 to 14 in. round the calf, with ankle from 7 to 9 in., fore-arm 8 to 9 in. and upper arm 11 to 12 in.

Then comes the Hip type, which explains itself, for this woman has wide hips compared with her chest measurement, in some cases the difference being as great as 16 in., a small waist and frequently stocky legs and not very small feet.

A typical set of measurements for this type is height 5 ft. 6 in., hips 46 in., chest 32 in., waist 26 in., width shoulder to shoulder in front 14½ in. (nearly 2 in. less than many average figures) and thighs 22 to 23 in.

The Sway Back type is a name given to those women whose backs curve in markedly. Although slim these figures have heavy legs compared with other measurements, and their tendency is to thicken as they grow older. In such cases hip measurements are almost as large as in Hip Figures.

Type 4 describes the older woman, often tall and stately (but not always) who has developed heavy flesh all round her. A tall woman 5 ft. 9 in. to 5 ft. 11 in. in height may have hips 46 to 50 in. with a waist measurement only 6 or 8 in. less.

Finally there is the Short Below the Waist type. This is a big woman with small hips.

All her weight is carried above the waist, and although her body is short below the waist her legs are well proportioned, and dainty feet and ankles complete the picture.

Now look at yourself in the mirror, half-close your eyes and consider your silhouette. It will not be long before you discover to which type you belong.

Study yourself and your friends, and you will find that the Hip type woman is a home-maker, designed by Nature to be a good mother. Sincere, trustworthy and reliable, she is never temperamental, but she is a little longer in making decisions than her Average sister.

The Curved or Sway Back woman is often very nervy and temperamental, with considerable dramatic gifts. Many actresses and singers have this figure. The type 4 woman is usually a little weary of life and rather too content to "take things as they come" without making any effort to improve her surroundings. Generally speaking she is good tempered as well as patient.

Finally the Short below the Waist type has often a touch of the coquette, and a definite flair for clothes. The type is more prevalent among French women than English, and in this country is seen more in the South than in the North.

From a dress designer I gleaned hints on dressing to type. She stressed the importance of creating an illusion. For instance, wide hips and small chest are not corrected by unduly compressing the former, but by building up the latter. Dresses with a wide shoulder line, jabots, flounced collars, or bodices elaborate in front, plus very plain straight skirts, disguise the wide hips.

The Sway Back women must not wear coats which end just below the waist.

The Short Below the Waist type can indulge in frilling on her skirt from just above her knees, this will take away any top-heavy appearance. The Average and No. 4 types can both wear capes.

In fact, it has all been worked out the better to beautify you.

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D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

"Mustn't play Peeping Tom, my dear!" chuckled Mr. Peters.

Conducted Tour

A SHORT STORY *by* Leslie Beresford

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

THE elderly English couple, whose name was Peters, watched the honking immensity of the maroon and silver motor-coach disappear dustily into the distance along the road which ultimately, they understood, reached San Sebastian.

They looked rather like two lost children, who had suddenly grown quite old, as they stood side by side in the glitter of sun-drench. Certainly, against the surround of the small Spanish *plaza*, which contained at the moment only a few picturesque persons moving about their business with a dignified absence of haste, the quite obviously British silhouettes of these two appeared pathetically out of place.

They were, however, sublimely oblivious of the fact. After an interval of consternation had held them both in its grip, they looked at each other and relaxed, seemingly by a mutual acceptance of unexpected fatality. Then Mr. Peters, who had a round and red face, and looked terribly hot in what was clearly a new suit of clothes, chuckled grimly beneath a straggly white moustache.

"There goes conducted tour—for time being, anyways!" he rumbled deeply, with the accent of northern counties in his voice. He added, having drawn a deep breath: "And right glad I am for rest from it, Em'ly, between you and me—that I do admit!"

"I hope there won't be any trouble about it, Frank. . . ." His wife, a soft-voiced woman, with anxiety in her old-young eyes, leaned on him for support in failing courage.

"Trouble?" he snorted. "Trouble, because we lost bus?" He patted the trusting fingers that clung to his arm.

"Don't worry, lass. When bus comes back round about eight this evening, if yon red-headed guide fellow says owt to me in regard to not being there to time of starting—he'll get good fat flea in ear, leave that to me, Em'ly. He'd no right, going off and leaving respectable folk in strange land——"

"It was really all my fault, dear," his wife interrupted timidly. "If we'd gone with the others to see that poet's house this wouldn't have happened. Only—I wanted to look round this pretty place. And I'd no idea time could possibly fly so quickly, with you and me just pottering around——"

"And very nice too!" he chuckled again in his deep way. "Better than going over old houses and palaces and museums with a mob, same as we've been doing all tour so far. Given me pain in neck, it has."

"Why, Frank, you never said that before!" she eyed him in pleased bewilderment. "And I've been thinking you quite liked it, were enjoying yourself——"

"So I was, lass, counting always you were finding it fine."

"Fine?" she began to laugh, but with emotion. "I wouldn't have had you think anything else, Frank, this being our first trip abroad in all our forty years of marriage. And I have liked it, because it's all been so new and wonderful. Only, I'd have liked it better if there'd been only just you and me——"

"Well, here goes!" The rumble of his laughter broke out anew. "Conducted tours given us chuck. And there's only you and me, lass. What's doing?"

They stood for a moment hesitating, in the warmth of the small *plaza*, where now there had appeared one person of extreme picturesqueness, a member of the *garda civiles*, in shiny three-cornered hat and imposing military uniform. He, perhaps naturally, was studying them both with surprise and even suspicion, a fact which Mr. Peters did not fail to note.

"Hi, lass, there's law seems to have got eye on us, and it might be awkward, us being here without leave, so to speak," he warned, leading her away by an arm.

"Best get move on, anyhow," he suggested. "We're bound to come somewhere, if only we keep going and watch out for what's good."

"And what could be better than this?" he asked her some time later, satisfaction in his deep voice.

They had been wandering quite a while, pleasantly enough, though the sun was a little uncomfortably hot. And, as happens to strangers in a place, and strangers unable to make themselves understood, so as to ask their way about, the wandering had not brought them very far.

However, by pure accident, it had brought them at last on the small hotel, tucked away among trees, somewhat apart from the town. Thirsty from the heat, and a trifle tired by then, they had entered this, only too ready to rest. By a Spanish waiter, whose English was as execrable as his gestures were elegant, they had been shown through to a cool and shaded balcony behind.

And here, Mr. Peter's wife gave way to exclamation on a note of emotion, the more deep because it was so simple and sincere.

"Oh, did you ever see anything quite so lovely!" she said, not questioning, since there could only be one possible answer, her eyes drinking in the view.

The garden below, brilliant in bloom. And, beyond and below, the terraced ways that descended, shaded by trees and flowering shrubs, down to the very sea. And the blue of this was intense, and the surface of it was like a polished mirror,

(*Continued on page* 34)

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CONTINUING

Conducted Tour

reflecting the vivid cobalt of a cloudless sky.

Edging the sea, a curve of purplish rocky coastline, which ran out to a point, a bold sweep dotted here and there by white villas in surrounds of green and bright colours, like jewels set in a gorgeous belt. It was all so serene and still, shimmering in the sun-glitter, that it looked almost like the back-cloth to a stage-setting for a musical romance.

But it was more alive than that to Mr. Peters' wife. She caught at her husband's hand.

"Look! Look, Frank!" she urged, under her breath, and her fingers fluttered in a little gesture to direct his eyes.

He saw, as she had seen, that two people moved slowly along the seaboard far below. A dark young man, and a girl with hatless, honey-coloured hair. They moved along a path towards a spot where it entered a little wood. They were, in fact, at the very entrance to the wood, deep in talk, the girl looking up into the man's face.

And then, caught swiftly and strongly in the dark young man's arms, the girl's vividly scarlet lips. . . .

Mr. Peters, using his arm also to some purpose, swung his wife away from this intimacy.

"Mustn't play Peeping Tom, my dear!" he chuckled deeply, at the same time embarrassingly aware that the Spanish waiter was with them and enjoying the incident immensely.

"Engleesh!" he told them, pointing down to the little wood, which now seemed to have swallowed up that young couple. "Engleesh. Stay-a this hotel two day. Much make-a-da-love."

Following on which, escalading violently downwards from the sublime to the commonplace, he went on:

"You make-a-da-eata-somedings, senor? You and the senora take-a-da-loncha?"

How Mr. Peters eventually escaped the persistent waiter was a matter of miracle, since the latter could not conceive it possible at first that English people were not all ravenous.

"Seem to think mighty lot about tummy here in Spain!" Mr. Peters ruminated in his booming voice, when the fellow had left them in peace. "Pushing food down mouth, whether you want it, or no——"

"And the expense of it, Frank!" intervened his wife. "We'd have had our lunch at San Sebastian all for nothing, as part of the tour, if we hadn't missed that coach, through my being silly——"

"Silly?" He put an arm round her, as they went down the terraces together towards the sea. "Nowt silly about you, Em'ly!" he exploded warmly. "And to blazes with tour! Here we are, on our own, and t's going to be best day we ever had, hang expense!"

Presently, as they rested on a slope of golden sand, she said softly:

"It's a bit of the honeymoon you and I never had, Frank, with times so hard when we married. And now. . . . That's what came to me, dear, when that nice young couple kissed as they went into that wood. Don't you see? They're getting what you and I missed, with life so fresh and good to them. And, because of them, I'll never forget to-day. They're what we might have been, Frank."

In evening cool, at a balcony table of the small hotel, the girl with honey-coloured hair asked a question of the dark young man:

"Do you think, Paul, I'll ever grow into anything like that?"

He turned his eyes, which were thoughtful, and watched how the Spanish waiter, with his elegant gestures and his execrable English discussed the menu with Mr. Peters and his small and timid wife. Then, laughing softly, his eyes came back to make comparison with his companion's youthful and sleek allure.

"Gosh. . . ." He responded then in amused undertones. "I'd say not, Lil. How in blazes did that couple of old sardines blow in here—of all the quiet little hide-outs?"

"Came with a charabanc crowd. . . ." The girl sipped her wine smilingly. "Went wandering round, and got left behind. I had a word with them, while I was waiting for you to come down. At least the old lady started talking to me, so I had to be polite and answer back. She's too funny for words. Talked about this one-eyed hole as if it was paradise."

"She's welcome to it!" laughed the young man, Paul. "Shows you how differently people think, doesn't it? Now—ours, soon as we've finished these eats, is on the way to Santander, and the old boat to Rio, darling."

"Seems almost too good to be true, Paul.

"It's rather a scream, all the same . . ." She was laughing now, her emotional mood gone, just as if she had swallowed it with the sweet Spanish wine which had left her lips still shining moist.

"Would you believe it, Paul?" she went on. "The old thing positively apologised because she and her old man were here. Said she hoped we wouldn't find them in the way. They take us, you see, for a honeymoon couple."

"Oh, damned funny!" The other shook with amusement. "And—of course, Lil—you led them up the garden path?"

"To the very front door, my dear," she replied, sharing his enjoyment of the situation. "I said it wasn't an ordinary honeymoon, either, but that we were a run-away couple."

"Funnier still. And—my hat!—how true!"

"Yes. . . ." She had caught something of the sudden seriousness with which those last words had been uttered, and again her fingers went out to nestle in his palm.

"Once we get that boat, darling, it's going to be a different story. You're sure about that, Paul, aren't you? You'll not break that promise—ever?"

"Lord almighty! . . . Haven't I said it a hundred times, Lil? We're on clover now, and I've had enough of the rough stuff. You and I start new. . . ." He was silent for a moment, then laughed again softly, still holding her fingers in his palm.

"Anyhow, Lil, you led those two old sardines up the right garden path," he said. "It is going to be honeymoon for us, with nothing to worry us, once we get on that old boat for Rio——"

And here the girl's fingers tugged so violently at his hand that, taken by surprise, he stumbled to silence, looking across at her from puzzled eyes. Hers were not looking at him, however, but beyond him to the lighted interior of the hotel, which—having his back to it, he could not see.

"Listen, Paul . . ." Her whisper was pregnant with perturbation as she leaned towards him, still staring into that lighted interior.

"There's a bunch of Spanish police come into the hotel," she went on. "I've just seen the waiter talking to them, and pointing out here. Whatever could they possibly be wanting here, Paul?"

Mr. Peters, who was facing the hotel interior from his table as well, had witnessed the arrival of those policemen. And, having also seen the waiter indicating the balcony to them, he was not feeling very comfortable. He remembered the policeman in the *plaza*, and his air of suspicion.

It came suddenly to his mind that, possibly, that suspicious policeman might have reported the strange occurrence of their appearance, as though they had dropped improperly from the skies.

With personal fears in that direction beginning to surge in him, Mr. Peters did not incline to panic, however. The hard-headed north dominated that desire. He said nothing to his wife about those policemen. She was still drinking in, with her old-young eyes, the beauty of the view, over which dusk was slowly beginning to creep.

"It's been the loveliest day of my life, Frank!" he heard her whispering. "I only wish it could last for ever, and we hadn't got to go back to that coach and those others, such silly people they are—"

Mr. Peters, none too sure they would get back to the coach, since Spanish policemen could be very silly indeed, kept his fears to himself, while deciding to make sure on the point. Best put a bold front on it, he told himself.

"All good things must come to end, Em'ly!" he philosophised deeply. "And time's getting handy too when bus will be back along. You take last look at garden, my dear, while I settle up with waiter inside, and then we'll be off."

"Maybe," he added to himself, watching for a moment how she moved slowly away into that exquisite view—to him, the most exquisite part of it. Then, turning in his deliberate way, he squared his shoulders and marched into the hotel to face those policemen, just in case. . . .

However, with a startled in-drawing of his heavy breathing, he came through an open doorway on a scene which, while it spelt relief to his mind, gave him a terrible shock.

For here, surrounded by those Spanish police, being harangued and bustled about by them, were the young couple whom he and his wife had been so admiring, and even envying. The dark young man was livid and grim of face. His clothes were torn and disordered, proof that he had been vainly struggling, and now his wrists were being handcuffed. Beside him, held by one of the police, the girl with the honey-coloured hair cried bitterly.

"Oh, Paul, what fools we've been!" she sobbed. "What fools! If only——"

The hustling police cut short her sobbing words, while Mr. Peters could only watch them all disappear and bundle into a waiting car outside. He wondered if, as a fellow-countryman, he should have interfered. And then, by his side, the Spanish waiter seemed to realise need for explanation.

"Mucha bad peoples!" he ejaculated in his execrable English, while he gestured magnificently. "Steela plenty da money and da chooels in da Madrid! Police come-a for catcha! Feeneesh da make-a-da-love! Take-a-da-prison, senor!"

Mr. Peters, feeling very unhappy, regretted nothing of this adventurous day but the incident of that young couple, and it was of them that his wife spoke presently when they passed out of the side-gate to the garden.

"Almost like Adam and Eve being turned out of Eden," she said with a little sigh, then added: "I hoped we'd have been able to say good-bye to that nice young couple and wish them luck."

Mr. Peters would not spoil the beauty of that day for her by unveiling the truth.

"We can wish them luck, without telling," he observed lamely, going so far as to say: "They went off in car together just now——"

"How nice!" she murmured, and clung to his arm. "Mind you, Frank you mustn't think I'm discontented because ours is one of those conducted tours, only——"

"Here's conducted tour coming, lass!" he interrupted her, the immensity of their maroon and silver coach honking into view at this propitious moment. "Now to give flea in ear to yon red-headed guide, if he starts having any lip!"

But Mr. Peters said that really to try and forget the irony of that young couple, now on a conducted tour of which his wife would never know.

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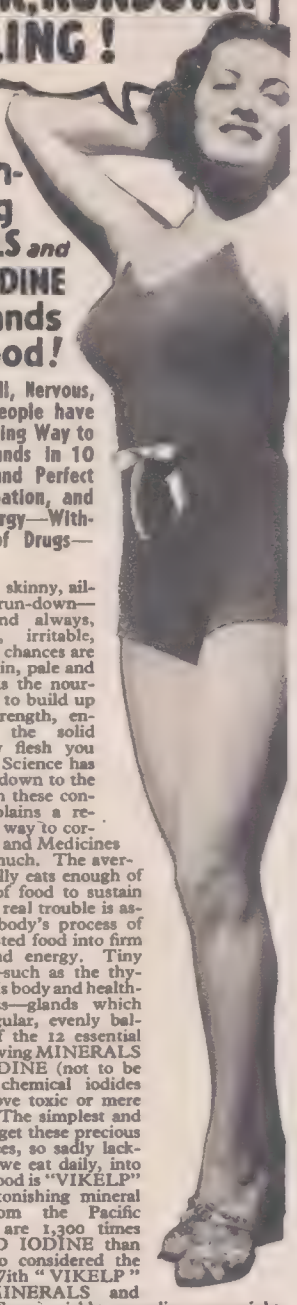

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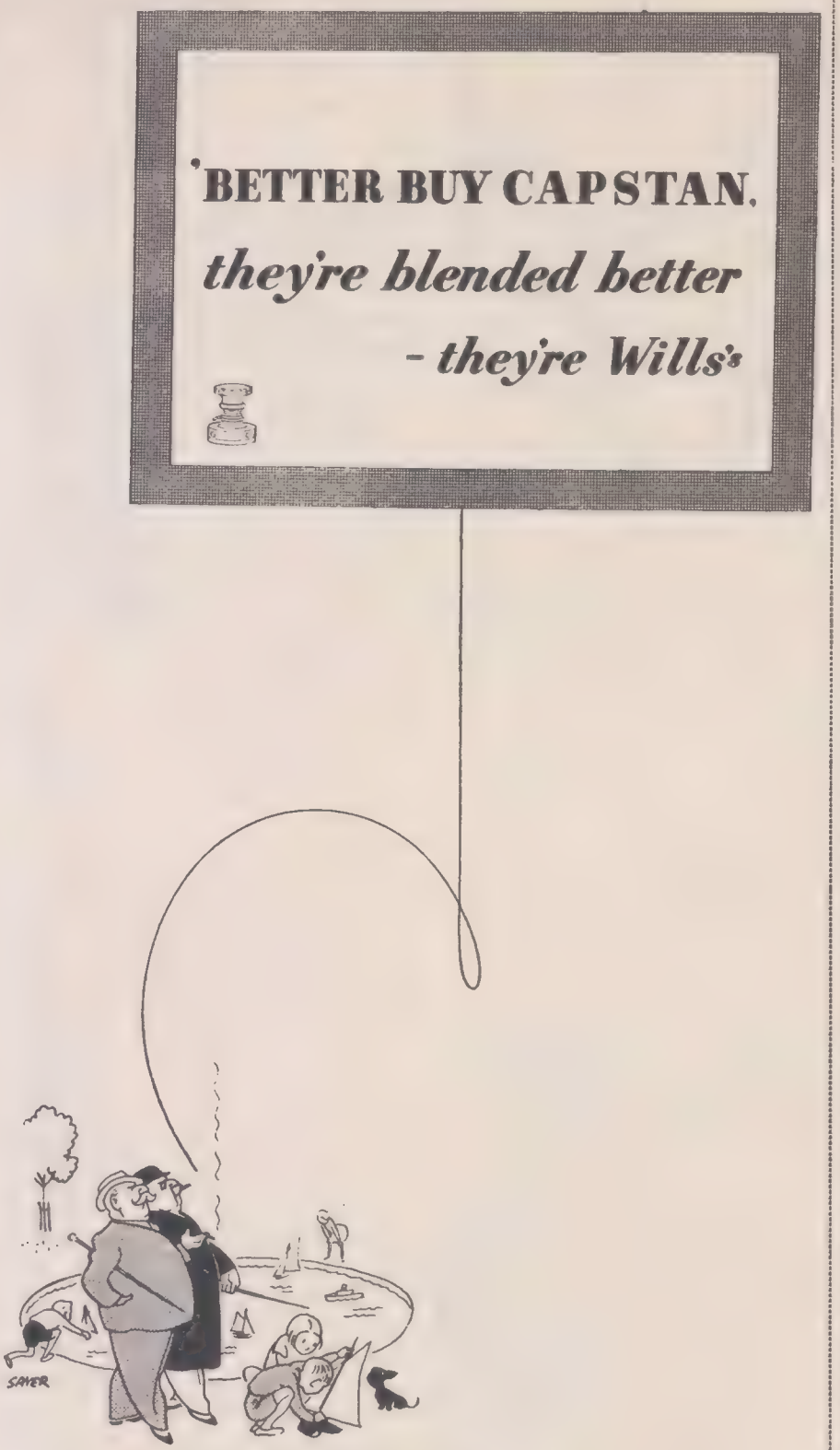

- as the Colonels say in Kensington

A PAIN *in the* NECK

I SURVIVED the war to find that the reduced circumstances of my wife's mother entailed her residence in my home. Humorous enough when viewed from afar, but having to live with one's mother-in-law is apt to be humourless and even irksome. At least I found it so.

There were three opinions where hitherto there had been one and my home was converted from a haven of peace to a hell of acrimonious debate. In time I found that the presence of my wife could be distasteful which was a new departure. Not that she had changed in her devotion to me, but because I came to look upon her as a beacon of rectitude in everything in which her mother was concerned. It was right that she should champion her mother when occasion arose, but to me it seemed always to be wrong.

I took to drink for the first time in my life and found solace in noisy bar-parlours, where discussion was rife but where I never experienced the feeling of being thwarted as I endured in my own home.

My visits to the local bar-parlours became more frequent and my drinking habits confirmed. I was eventually carried home one night hopelessly intoxicated. A few days illness supervened and then, after a long and troubled sleep in which a hypodermic syringe played a part, I was nursed back to health by my devoted wife.

She could not have been kinder and more attentive to me if I had been wholly blameless for the trouble I had brought upon her.

Not so her mother, who hovered about me like an avenging spirit and harassed me with recriminatory references to my worthlessness. It was too much for a sick man to bear and I bounced out of the house one day, intent upon doing something desperate, and yet not knowing what it was to be.

The railway-station which I made for was on the other side of the town, and to get there I had to cross the city's busiest street.

I reasoned it out—if it is possible for a man who has just recovered from D.T.'s to reason anything out—that by the time I got to the station I should have decided what to do, but in my present state of mind I seemed unable to make a decision.

The sight of my face, purple and red in patches, met my gaze in an advertising mirror and I dreamily came to the conclusion that it would not be welcomed where I had a mind to take it. It was not a face to be welcomed anywhere and my sister would be alarmed at the sight of it.

I reached this melancholy conclusion and the city's busiest thoroughfare at the same time and, still day dreaming, I attempted to cross.

I lacked vigilance and halted too late to allow an oncoming car to pass me without a dangerous swerve.

There was a grinding of brakes and the car made a horrifying leap on to the pavement.

Unable to move, but realising dimly that I was the cause of what might have been a disastrous accident, I saw a well dressed figure step awkwardly from the slanting car and come towards me. His anger was evident but it was well suppressed.

She dropped on her knees to the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

He had to elbow his way through the crowd which had gathered magically and then he laid a rough hand on my arm. He led me to the pavement where I should be safe from the traffic and there he drew off his gloves.

I felt like a museum piece under his scrutiny but experienced no resentment when he marshalled me through the crowd to his car. Its crazy position must have given him an idea for he turned towards me after a glance at the vehicle, and said in an undertone, "You can look after yourself now; you would be better under control."

With a gesture which had nothing of contempt in it, but which spoke volumes for his command of a difficult situation, I was dismissed.

He had stage-managed the event so deftly and with such ease that it started and finished before a policeman appeared on the scene and long before the crowd realised what had happened.

All eyes were turned towards me when, without a word to the stranger whom I had good reason to thank, I made my getaway.

Anger on his part might have aroused me from my stupor, but in my confused state of mind there were not two thoughts in my head that I could sensibly have strung together.

Afterwards it slowly dawned upon me that not only should the stranger have been thanked for saving my life, which had seemed useless only a few minutes before, but his advice was not unhelpful if I cared to accept it. With the stranger's words still echoing in my mind, I turned in the direction of the town hall, there to consult the police.

The station sergeant showed interest but considerably more amusement when I told him very briefly that I wished to be locked up for my own safety. It was only my determination not to leave until he did something about it that made him take me seriously.

Mr. Jack Helyer

We wish to make it clear that the caricature in our issue of November 2, 1935, containing the name of Jack Helyar, Esq., J.P., in no way referred to Mr. Jack Helyer, of the Ritz Cinema, Nottingham.

C.C.5038

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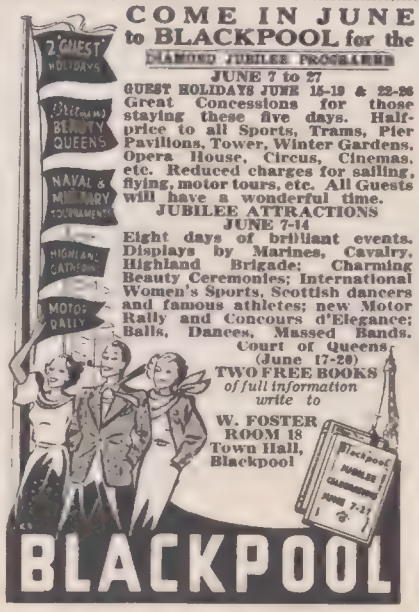

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His fellow-clerk gave him a wink and the two of them plied me with questions. I learned afterwards that I had been incoherent in my replies and had eventually shown not the slightest regard to the purpose of my visit.

The fact that I had demanded protection and, moreover, they had failed to extract sense from my replies, convinced the friendly policeman that something had to be done. There was a hurried call over the telephone and very shortly afterwards I was whisked away by car in the company of a uniformed attendant.

I was sufficiently sane to know that the destination I reached was a lunatic asylum but I did not rebel. The policeman was pleasant to me and it was comforting to feel that I had no longer to depend upon myself.

I leaned back in the car dead to any indignity there might be in entering those once-dreaded gates which opened at our approach and closed as quickly when we got beyond them.

Attendants came on the scene and I remember stumbling out of the car, and being supported by helping hands up a gravelled path, and then came oblivion.

It was a bright day when I awoke. The room was pleasant and I was alone. The chatter of birds outside, mingling with the whirr of a mechanical lawn-mower, had a soothing effect. I heard voices approaching the room and presently the door opened and in walked my wife, tearful enough but endeavouring to be brave.

I sensed that she had been told to control her feelings and I was not far wrong in thinking that the tall man of professional appearance who followed her closely, had something to do with that. She regarded me with a smile in her tearful eyes but she stood at a distance from the bed and made no attempt to approach me until I extended my hand.

I called her by name and she looked towards her companion who smiled an understanding smile and said nothing. It was then that she sobbed as if her heart would break and dropped on her knees by the side of the bed, burying her face in the clothes.

My world seemed to have changed from that moment. There was happiness about me which I seemed to have lost a long time before. It was mine to hold and to carry away with me if ever I should leave that little room which, strangely enough, I had no desire to do.

It never occurred to me that perhaps I could not leave it even if I wished to do so. The fact that I was in a lunatic asylum had no terrors for me at that moment. I floated on a wave of thankfulness that here was somebody who cared, and I could have indulged the fancy indefinitely if the doctor, who had been watching me closely for some seconds, had not put a stop to it.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and took my outstretched hand in his own and checked my pulse. As he placed his watch back into his pocket he spoke to me in a voice which seemed strangely familiar and yet not one that I consciously knew.

"Your wife wants to take you home," he said. "How do you feel?"

The question was plain enough, but there obtruded upon my consciousness something more important that the same voice had said, ages and ages ago. It rang in my ears at this moment and I shall remember it all my life. "You can look after yourself now; you would be better under control."

The man who sat on the bed had used the words, how long ago I did not know, and I repeated them in his hearing, almost with elation, they seemed so apt. There was no flinching in the calm face before me. Just a hint of a smile that he knew their source and then he spoke again.

"Do you want to go home?" he asked.

I gave a negative reply.

"Why? You are fit to be moved and this is not the best of places for a sane man."

"I know," was my rejoinder. "But you said yourself that I should be better under control."

"Yes, but that was some days ago. You are at liberty to leave this place as soon as you like. In fact, you have no right to be here. Yours is a hospital case."

"I am all right," I followed stubbornly. "It is this or my mother-in-law, and she gives me a pain in the neck."

A very serious face looked into mine as I used these words and my intended humour fell flat. My wife, who had risen to her feet, looked at the doctor, who spoke again.

"The pain in the neck," he said, "is the cause of your being here, but your wife's mother has had nothing to do with that. How long have you had that swelling?"

He motioned to a swelling in my throat which had grown to the size of a small orange. It was becoming rather unsightly, but was not really painful.

"About four years," I answered.

"Why don't you have it out?"

"I understand that it would be dangerous to take it out."

"It will be equally dangerous to leave it in. The best you could expect from it is another visit to an asylum. It is equally likely to finish you off. What do you think about it?"

I hesitated to reply, but the doctor was a man of quick decisions and he did not wait for my reply.

"So long as you have that swelling," he cautioned me, "you will fly to stimulants, because the swelling interferes with your blood supply and drink assists it. You must make up your mind quickly."

"I have done so," I replied. "What about the 'pain in the neck?'"

The doctor looked across at my wife with an enquiring smile.

"She has gone," she whispered.

"Then let the swelling go too," I gurgled.

◆ ◆ ◆

Before a week had passed the operation had been performed successfully, and a fortnight later I was home. I am able to look after myself now, but I am better under control—my wife's.

YOUR HOLIDAY...

Now's the time to plan your holiday. Now's the time to decide which part of the Continent you will visit this year. The offers below are only a handful, picked at random, out of an amazing total. But just look at the low cost! Take the Belgian Coast, for instance—9 days' holiday there for £3.19.6. Get Cook's programme "Summer Holidays Abroad," and learn full details. And don't forget this—all Cook's prices are inclusive. They cover your travel costs, hotel accommodation, tips, and the services of Cook's Conductor. Send off the coupon below. And don't delay too long choosing your holiday — then book at any Cook's branch.

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"Just a few lines to say what great benefit I have received from using your grand preparation," he writes. "I had a sudden attack of stomach trouble and was under the doctor for a month with hardly any benefit, although the medicine was changed three times.

"Sometimes I had taken only half my dinner and had to walk about the room, the pain was so dreadful, like a knife cutting me. A hot or cold drink would cause agony.

"Having read about the cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I got a 2/- bottle, and after taking three doses got relief. Before I had taken half the bottle I was cured and have had no return. I recommend your fine preparation to suffering friends."

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Of Chemists, 9d and 2/-. Thos. Kerfoot & Co., Ltd.

You're Telling Us!

ENTER WILFRED DAVIS, yearning. Yearning, poor chap, for exactly the opposite kind of life from that which most of us have to lead. List all ye (aboard the 8.15) who wish to hear our noble Wilfred's lay: "He is a lean, brown-faced young man, comfortably dressed, a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth, perpetually smiling, sometimes flush, sometimes broke. He wanders about the face of the earth, his belongings crammed into one bag. One day he is seen sipping beer in a Belgian coastal resort. Weeks lapse. Then he bobs up on a Pacific island, casually hunting for treasure. Another month and he is trekking across the Sahara. No one knows how he exists, though it is generally presumed he has an allowance of sorts. He can't be short of money, for often he sits in the ship's bar consuming whisky after whisky, or else generously backing his luck at cards. Sometimes he dances, intently studying the assembly, wherever it may be, before selecting his partner. He is something of a mystery, yet all declare that he is a gentleman, a good sport, but not to be trifled with on any account. Who is this young man?

HE DOESN'T EXIST at the moment, but is what I should like to be if I could shape my own life." It sounds romantic, Wilfred. It sounds glamorous. It sounds like Savaran, Lindbergh, Frank Buck, Brother Aristagoras, Bengal Lancer, Uncle Tom Tarzan and all. But who mends his socks? Really, life is rather complicated, and so is an organist's job, according to W. H. Irving, of Motherwell, which once let us down on a football coupon. "In addition," he explains, "to reading three or four lines of music at the same time, he may be required to play on two keyboards at once with both left and right hands, and play two separate tunes on the pedal board, one with each foot. Stops, pistons, toe pedals, and swell pedals must all be considered and looked after, and, over and above all these mental and physical acrobatics, a musicianly performance must be given. And what do your dear relatives think of that?" Well, we sent the above dossier hotfoot to Cornwall by express pony-rider, and Uncle Joe just scribbled on it: "What does he do with his nose?" We're sorry, Mr. Irving, but you know what relatives are. Always there and seldom civil.

"I READ WITH INTEREST," admits Gerald Byers, "the description of Stakhanovism in your issue of the 21st March. Soviet Russia—'home of the unusual' as termed by your contributor—seems to belie its own policy of modern development by hailing as revolutionary a system which is only a simple application of the division of labour. The advantage of such a procedure as Stakhanov employed was realised by an Englishman, Adam Smith, in 1776!" Further reference to Uncle Joesky elicited the suggestion that Stakhanovism should be applied to organ-playing, thereby enabling all stops, pistons

Make a great show with their right hand

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

keys, pedals, cranks, pumps, worms, cogs, nuts, bolts, pushes, pulls, twiddles and twoggles to be worked at once, thereby producing a lot more noise per foot-pound per second per second, thereby cutting down overhead expenses and creating employment among makers of earplugs for people like ourself who enjoy the cinema but feel seasick when the mighty organ begins to wheeze and moan and heave and groan. Before this bee escapes from our bonnet, E. G. Donaldson, of Portadown, in Northern Ireland, buzzing waspishly, gets in a sting: "Has it occurred to any of your more musical readers what a small percentage of the British public has a natural or inborn sense of harmony?

FROM MY EXPERIENCE, I should say about one per cent. I do not refer to technical knowledge, but to an "ear" to define what is right and what is wrong harmony. How often have we been introduced to amateur pianists, with all sorts of letters after their names, having been told that they can almost make a piano talk—and find that they make a great show with their right hands, adding all kinds of twiddly bits, while their left hands are bouncing aimlessly off any keys that happen to be in the way? It is my contention that these 'musicians' cannot hear the discords they are making. For that matter, the majority of the audience will pass these lapses apparently unheard. What I marvel at is that these are the people who condemn dance music. Have they a right to express any opinion?" This is a free country, Mr. Donaldson, and we jealously guard our right to express our opinion that what is described on the programme as Liebestraume is (in our opinion) Rule Britannia when played. We will believe nothing but our own eyes, and are therefore always willing to agree that when people stand up and take their hats off the band must be playing the National Anthem. We are, in fact, one of the Great Inharmonious Ninety-nine Per Cent. When we whistle in our bath the

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

soap cracks; when we sing the tap runs. Now pray silence for Kate Stevens of Golder's Green N.W.11, who has just received by post an expensive book that she longed to read but couldn't afford to buy.

ON THE FLY-LEAF is written: 'after reading this book will you kindly send it on to the next address given on the cover, and at the end of the cycle to the original owner (No. 1).' On the cover are six names of addresses of friends of the owner, and it will be read by these people and posted on from one to the other until it gets back home, eloquent—if it could speak—with the thanks of the recipients. Don't you think this is a jolly nice idea?" We do, Kate, and we only wish that we ourself knew six among the two billions of mankind who were not book-bandits, library-robbers, crumb-droppers, coffee-stainers and all-round unprincipled volume-villains. Look at our Brother Aristagoras, for instance, whom we had to bail out of the Bastille last week—if they lent him the British Museum Library he would have lost, pawned or torn up every book in it by the end of a week. He borrowed our gazeteer the other day, which accounts for us saying under a Curiosnap that Clovelly is in Cornwall instead of Devon. Funny, because we spent a holiday there once, and told all our friends what a swell county Cornwall was.

ANOTHER SLIP WE MADE was not to mention Northampton in our article by Frank D. Long about boots and shoes. We can't think how it happened, and nobody else need write in about it, because we are already crying bucketsful and the dog Shag is contritely baying the moon. To this penance has also contributed Robert Brodbeck, of La Tour de Peilz, Switzerland, as follows: "One of your readers, Mr. Berne, proposed to plant fruit along the roadsides . . . and you called this a Swiss idea. Being myself a Swiss I want to object to this. It is quite impossible to find any Swiss people who would admit the efficiency of that idea, as we know that there is nothing funny in receiving a falling fruit in your windscreen when motoring." Evidently what is meant by the apple of one's eye. Nevertheless we shall never forget hiking in Canton Ticino and resting *by the roadside* in the most delicious avenue of cherry trees, with cherries on them just going to waste till we came along. Mr. Brodbeck also trips up Uncle Joe on a recent remark about Swiss egg soup. "This drink simply does not exist in Switzerland," he insists.

BUT AS LONG AS Lake Geneva is there they'll never get thirsty.

Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

1. Burial places.
2. A dangerous woman.
3. Exactly twice this portion makes 22.
4. Some rot for shakes.
5. Tint of cure.
6. Add to this and it will be the smallest.
7. All's not well here.
8. As the lion does in the undergrowth.
9. So you may stray.
10. The heart of 20.
11. Heaven-sent food.
12. Preposition of material.
13. Clear of all charges.
16. Mode of expression.
20. Do this and you are lost.
22. Many times this for a multitude.
23. Not completely agone, but much the same.
26. Goes in.
28. May get wages or salary.
29. That which is unknown.
30. Your alter ego hides continental heights.
34. Sabre, for instance, does this.
35. Rates for a look.
36. Extreme point of planetary orbit.
38. Slight modification of 44 for Yorkshire river.
40. Uplift.
41. Either's best friend.
43. Equine exclamation.
47. Middle of gate.

CLUES ACROSS

1. A Cell state (anagram).
10. Ego man of importance.
14. Race me to impose a fine
15. This does annoy one.
17. Stream for soothers of savage beasts.
18. You may take this out of the larder.
19. Astronomical arc.
21. An island to be found in 25.
24. Bisected corn.
25. Age is open for secret work.
27. 22 becomes burdensome.
31. Half home.
32. Incomplete 22.
33. Rib cases (anagram).
37. May be sinister.
39. Calamitous conclusion.
42. Oddness with vocal opening.
44. Breezes, probably gentle.
45. Vacillation, possibly from inebriation.
46. 35 turned liquid.
48. Extract the anger from 38.
49. Headgear.
50. Appreciates highly.

E	S	C	A	P	A	D	E		O	U	S	T	E	D
M	O	A		U		A	R	I	A	S		R		U
A	L	P	E	N	S	T	O	C	K		S	E	E	P
N	A	I	L		P	E	D	E	S	T	A	L		E
A	C	T	I	V	E		E		O	I	L	S		
T	E	U	T	O	N	S		T	O	I	L	I	N	G
I		L	E	C	T	U	R	E		L	O	S	E	
O	V	A		A		R	U	N	N	E	R		E	
N	O	T		B	L	E	S	S	E	D		E	R	A
	T	E	A	L		S	E	E	M		A	V	E	R
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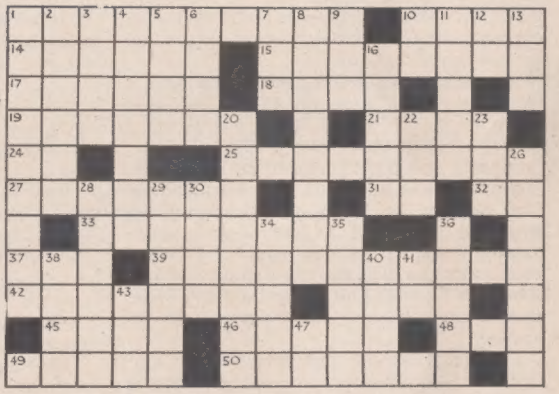
Solution to last week's puzzle



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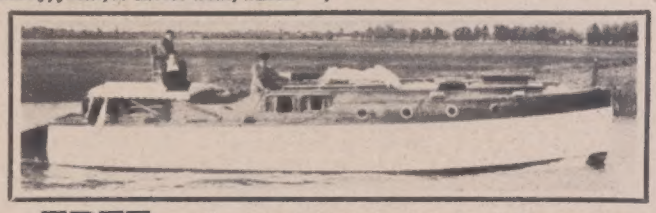

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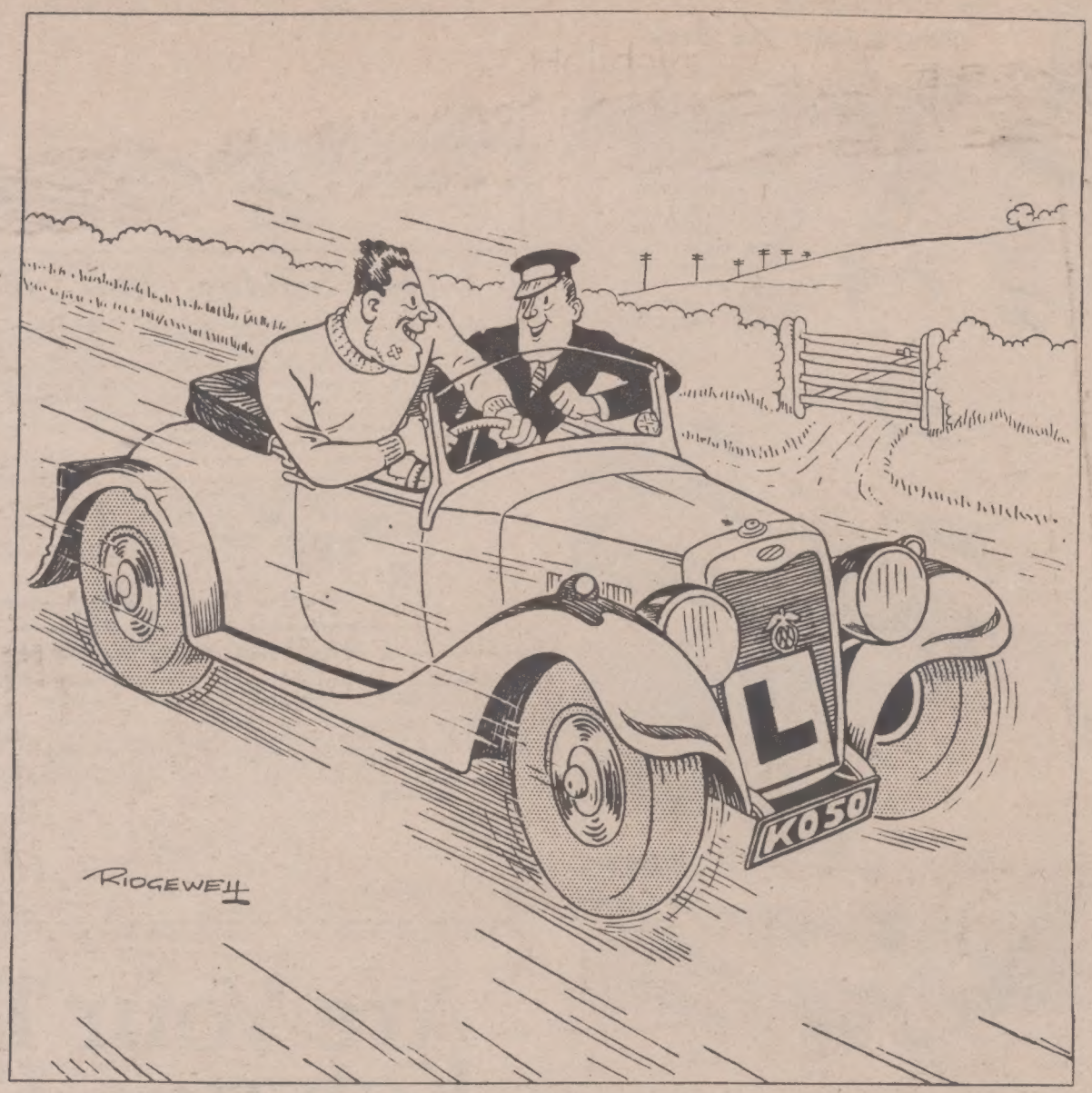

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